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Sonnets,

AMATORY, DESCRIPTIVE,

AND

RELIGIOUS;

ODES,

SONGS, AND BALLADS.

BY THOMAS RODD.
"

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Preface.

IT seems to be generally agreed, that no Sonnets are justly entitled to the name but such as rhyme uniformly like the Italian ; but, with all deference to this opinion, I venture to say, what I believe has been said before, “ that the English language is no more to be restrained than the brave people that speak it ; ” and, if we are strictly to make the Italian our model, may likewise add, that it is impossible to have any true Sonnet in English, having no words terminating in double rhyme, the last of them a soft vowel ; treasure, leisure, &c., in Hexameter verse, being rather harsh, redundant, and unpleasant to the ear.

I would, therefore, rather define the English Sonnet to be perfectly correct, when the fourth and fifth,

eighth and ninth, or twelfth and thirteenth lines run into each other, so as to differ in the reading from Elegiac verse. But, in saying this, I do not intend to excuse any deficiency of my own ; not feeling my reputation, as a writer, in the least concerned in this matter.

Some few of the Sonnets, and several of the Songs, were written above twenty years ago, the rest chiefly from 1801 to 1805, as were likewise the Odes ; neither is there any piece of recent date, except a few of the Songs, which speak for themselves. The blank space before the Sonnets is left for the sake of embellishing them with small drawings in the room of engravings, which would have rendered the book too expensive, particularly as a very limited number of copies is only printed.

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Sonnet I.**SIGNS OF LOVE.**

SHE loves me!—often, as her eyes met mine,
She blush'd; I saw the tender glances steal,
That seem'd her infant passion to reveal;

And, when we happen'd in the dance to join,
I felt the gentle pressure of her hand
Thrill in my veins; and softly did she sigh,
As when some Zephyr lightly passes by,
From the fam'd Isle of Cytharea fan'd.

Are not these signs, or am I yet deceiv'd?
May I not fondly venture to declare
Love to the Maid so exquisitely fair?

"Twas not in vain her snowy bosom heav'd.
No! she must love me: why, then, shou'd I fear
From her sweet lips Indifference to hear?

Sonnet II.

TO LESBIA.

Come, sweet Companion ! see, the rising sun
Has ting'd the East with ruddy streaks of gold,
And, joyous as a bridegroom, has begun
His course along the vaulted heav'ns to hold.
Come, sweet Companion ! from thy slumbers wake,
And hail with jocund smile returning day ;
Thro' pleasant meads our early walk we'll take,
And brush from humble plants the dew away.
Come, let us forth ; we are not rich in wealth,
But ours is sweet content, and that is more :
We'll bless the Gods that kindly give us health,
And drive affliction from our cottage door.
The morning's incense let us grateful breathe,
And for thy brows I'll twine a wild flow'r wreath.

Sonnet III.

TO HENRY.

I warn'd thee once, fond Youth ! I warn'd thee twice,
The treach'rous shafts of wanton Love to heed,
That, when they pierce the heart, 'tis sure to bleed :

I warn'd thee not to look on Delia's eyes.
From them I know the melting glances stole,
That, swift as lightning, shot thro' all thy frame,
Till reason could not quench the subtle flame :
A hopeless passion now consumes thy soul,
And, if she will not smile, thou art but lost !
Thou may'st go sit thee down with pensive look,
Like some lone weeping willow by the brook ;
Thy mind's a ship by furious tempests toss'd.
One look undid thee. Ah ! I warn'd thee, Youth :
Thou would'st not heed me ; now thou feel'st the truth.

Sonnet IV.

ELIZA.

Her ringlets flow'd her snowy bosom down,
Her hair was light, her eyes were sapphire blue ;
Her cheeks were like the damask rose full blown,
So softly mingled with the lily's hue.
Her lips were coral, and her chin was round,
And, when she smil'd, two lovely dimples play'd ;
Methought the Queen of Beauty I had found ;
So fair she was, so exquisitely made.
I view'd her taper shape, her angel mien,
Her air so pretty as she walk'd along,
Where ev'ry grace was eminently seen ;
Her faultless form,—and nothing found I wrong :
And, when I saw her mind alike endow'd,
Eternal truth and constancy I vow'd.

Sonnet V.**PARTING.**

Weep not, my only Love ! nor let those eyes
Be, like the morning dew, suffus'd in tears ;
Repress these sorrows, calm these heavy fears,
And breathe not all thy soul in piteous sighs.
May heav'n preserve thee !—True, indeed, we part,
(So fate decrees) but we shall meet again,
And one sweet kiss will pay an age of pain,
When I shall press thee fondly to my heart.
And doubly sweet will be each promis'd joy,
And doubly precious ev'ry smile of thine :
Then, weep not so ; to gentle hope resign
Thy panting bosom ; let not care destroy
Each future pleasure life has yet in store,
When the winds waft me home to Albion's shore.

Sonnet VI.**TO LOVE.**

Keen are thine Eyes, Love ! for thro' stones they pierce,
And solid walls, and rocks of adamant :
Now looking gentle, now intensely fierce ;
And seeing straight, altho' they turn askaunt.
Keen are thine Ears, too, for they hear the sound
Of the sweet Maiden, as she trips along;
Light as a fairy, o'er the dewy ground,
When Philomel doth chant her ev'ning song.
And, oh ! thy Voice is not to be withstood,
All soft and soothing as the turtle dove's,
When, in the deep recesses of the wood,
He tells the little story of his loves.
Thine Eyes, thine Ears, thy Voice, defy controul,
They melt the heart, and sink into the soul.

Sonnet VII.

TO ELIZA.

Be merciful, Eliza ! do not leave
The bosom, that has fix'd its hope on thee,
To cold despair and painful misery :

Would'st thou at once each tender hope bereave,
So long I fondly cherish'd ? Must I lie,
Like some poor soldier, with a mortal wound,
Bleeding to death upon the crimson'd ground ?
And canst thou hear the soft impassion'd sigh,

And see the tear unmov'd ? Ah ! thou art hard
As flinty rocks, and cruel as the wind,
That scorns with human spell to be confin'd.

Wilt thou not shew some token of regard
To him that fondly loves thee ? Let him meet
A look of kindness, like thyself, so sweet.

Sonnet VIII.**SEDUCTION.**

O ! for a spot where Innocence might dwell,
Secure from mischief, to the world unknown ;
Where, unmolested in her tranquil cell,
The lovely Maiden might reside alone !
No gilded tongue to flatter and deceive,
No hand of open violence to fear,]
That seeks her faultless form a prey to leave
To shame remorseless, and to want severe.
Tho' seldom doth a curse my lips profane,
Yet could I sit me down, and curse for hours
The wretch, a momentary joy to gain,
Who crops with impious hand the virgin flow'rs ;
Then throws them to the devious winds away,
Despis'd to wither, blasted to decay.

Sonnet IX.

TO ANNA.

If thou would'st smile, my Love ! if thou would'st smile,
Who art the light and glory of these eyes,
Then shou'd I from the couch of sorrow rise ;

For I have sorely sicken'd all the while
I mus'd on thy perfections. Woe is me !

Whom fortune hath so many gifts deny'd,
Wherewith I would endow my gentle bride,
And her indeed I hope to find in thee.

Yet fortune cannot give a heart like mine,
Compassionate and feeling ; cannot fill
The soul with honour, nor with truth instil
Ignoble bosoms. O ! then be it thine
To overlook the want of wealth, and take
One that will love thee for thine own sweet sake !

Sonnet X.

TO MARIAMNE.

Say, fairest of thy sex, what wanton joy
Leads thee this aching heart to tantalize ?
One moment, sweetly smile those playful eyes,
The next, with scornful frown, my peace destroy.
Ah ! cease inconstancy ; I cannot bear
These trying changes : think what cruel pain
At once to meet indulgence and disdain ;
To live in hope, yet pine in deep despair.
A thousand times I've vow'd to love no more ;
But fascination sure attends thy charms ;
One tender look the angry vow disarms,
And then I love thee better than before.
Play not the tyrant ; sport perchance to thee,
But, like the fabled frogs, 'tis death to me.

Sonnet XI.

LOVE.

Still was the night : the Nightingale alone
Pour'd forth her song, so querulously sweet,
When Delia came her faithful Youth to meet ;

The full-orb'd Moon in silvery lustre shone,
And, lightly as she tripp'd the greensward o'er,
Display'd the lovely Maid in all her charms :
The Youth, impatient, caught her in his arms,
And to a seat his tender burden bore.

And then they talk'd of love, and plann'd the hours
Of happiness to come, when Hymen's bands
In softest chains should bind their plighted hands ;

How love should build for them Elysian bow'rs,
Where they might sit and talk the whole day long,
Till Philomela tun'd her evening song.

Sonnet XII.

MAID OF THE FLAXEN HAIR.

Maid of the flaxen Hair ! whose bosom soft
Doth for imaginary sorrows bleed ;
For I have seen the trickling tear steal oft
From thy blue eyes, when thou some tale dost read
Of fancy's moulding ; of some luckless youth,
That long has pleaded humbly at the feet
Of scornful beauty, with unalter'd truth,
And yet a cold repulse could only meet :
Till weigh'd with care and disappointment down,
Stranger to joy, and love's devoted slave,
He sunk beneath her unrelenting frown,
An early victim to the silent grave.
I've seen thee weep, and wonder'd it could be :
Maid of the flaxen Hair ! thou hast not thought of me.

Sonnet XIII.

TO ZEPHYR.

Go, gentle breeze, that from the new-mown hay,
Or banks of damask roses, all in bloom,
Dost waft o'er hill and dale a soft perfume,
Stealing with fragrance sweet the sense away :
Go, gentle breeze, and whisper to the Fair,
'Tis the mild hour of eve, the promis'd hour,
And her fond Damon sits in yonder bow'r,
Waiting her lovely smile impatient there.

Dear spot ! where first I told my gentle flame,
How doth the jasmine and the eglantine
Their circling branches amorously entwine
Around the tree, inscrib'd with Anna's name !
Here will I sit, and contemplate her charms,
Till the sweet Maid is circl'd in these arms.

Sonnet XIV.

TO CLAUDIO.

And dost thou really love, and hast thou try'd
With courtly suit the blooming Maid to gain ?
Come, never droop, nor silent feed on pain,
Because she once the fond request refus'd.
I'll teach thee how to play the Lover's part ;
To gently press her hand, while from thine eyes
Dart frequent glances, and enamour'd sighs,
Enough to break it, oft escape thine heart.
She'll catch the soft contagion. Then implore,
And tell her all you think, and all you feel,
That she alone the tender wound can heal,
Alone the wonted sweets of peace restore.
But, if she will not listen, Youth ! forbear :
Go, seek some kinder Maid ; one better worth thy care.

Sonnet XV.**WALLER'S OAK.**

O Time ! beneath thy scythe the strongest falls,
The lofty tow'r and castle bow to thee ;
Yet ages linger o'er the mould'ring walls,
And a whole century pines the withering tree.
One rev'rend Oak yet stands, beneath whose shade
In strains seraphic gentle Waller sung,
When erst a captive to the lovely Maid
With Sacharissa's praises Coleshill * rung.
On the green sod, below it, let me sit,
And of Eliza think, who led me there ;
O ! were I blest with Waller's piercing wit,
Like him to sing the beauties of the Fair,
Then all the world, O Time ! should justly own
That Sacharissa was not fair alone.

* Coleshill, a small spot of ground in Hertfordshire, detached from the rest of the county, on the Beaconsfield side of Amersham.

Sonnet XVI.

TO ANNA.

From East to West, a wanderer have I been,
Like some poor pilgrim, yet that form before,
A fairer Maid, and charms to please me more,
These eyes in all their course have never seen.
For thine the mould of beauty to inspire
An awe to gaze at, kindling in the breast
At once fond love, and, with so sweet a guest,
No thought above the sphere of chaste desire.
So Angels look, so lovely and so good ;
Such Angels are, so gentle and so kind !
The features are an index to the mind,
With every innate excellence endu'd ;
The emanations of the Pow'r divine,
That make an earthly form like heav'nly spirits shine.

Sonnet XVII.

THE KISS OF LOVE.

Sweet Kiss of Love ! how softly dost thou thrill
In every vein ; with such an ardent glow,
Above what other pleasures can bestow.

What rapture does thy slightest touch instil !
But yet 'tis magic ; 'tis some poison, sure,
That runs thro' every artery to the heart :
I feel it now ; 'tis like a barbed dart ;
What med'cine can the deadly mischief cure ?

Thyself, thyself, repeated o'er and o'er,
When gentle Anna sits upon my knee,
And kindly gives a balmy kiss to me,

That I return a thousand times, and more.
Strange pow'r, in which a miracle is found,
At once to give, at once to heal, the wound !

Sonnet XVIII.**LOVE AND THE MUSE.**

'Twas Love that taught me first to woo the Muse ;
He whisper'd verse the happy art possess'd
To win the blooming Virgin's yielding breast,

Nor would she long the gentle pray'r refuse.
And thus did I my amorous suit pursue,
My lovely Emma's matchless beauty prais'd ;
But, tho' the quivering lyre I frequent rais'd,
I never told a single word untrue.

That she was fairest of the fair I sung,
And I the fondest youth that ever lov'd ;
Nor did she hear the tender tale unmov'd,
For on my lips persuasion softly hung.
Love and the Muse shall then in union reign,
In bondage sweet their willing slave enchain.

Sonnet XIX.

THE BRIDE.

Prepare the wedding robes, and let the Bride,
Ye bridal Maids, be clad in white array,
No gaudy trappings let her dress display ;
Away with costly pomp, with tinsel pride :
And let one modest rose adorn her hair,
In tresses waving ; and her lovely neck
A simple row of orient pearl bedeck ;
Not Venus then will shine so heavenly fair.

Then let her burst upon th' expecting Youth
In all her beauty. Love, and sweet surprise,
And admiration, shall enchant his eyes,

And he shall pledge the vow of lasting truth
Before the altar ; blest, while each shall live,
With all that favoring heav'n vouchsafes to give.

Sonnet XX.

UNSUCCESSFUL LOVE.

O Love ! thy tortures I am doom'd to feel ;
Thy fatal shafts have giv'n a deeper wound
Than winged javelins, barb'd with angry steel,
That stretch the bleeding warrior on the ground.
Mine the sad task, like Niobe, to weep,
And breathe my sorrows to the empty wind;
My wakeful vigils all in tears to keep,
And mourn the joys I ne'er again may find !
Ah ! did my fairest know but half the pain,
Which thus, neglected, I am doom'd to bear,
Perhaps in pity she would smile again,
And smooth the sorrows, calm the pangs of care.
O ! then thy tortures, Love ! would have a cure,
And I no more, bereft of hope, endure.

Sonnet XXI.

TO VINCENTIO.

Wound not the gentle partner of thy breast
With cold indifference and reproaches keen ;
Ill suits it man to shew his captious spleen
For trifles ; doth he act a generous part ?
Thy sorrows often hath she kindly shar'd,
In sickness o'er thy couch hath watchful hung,
Whilst every accent, falling from her tongue,
Spoke for her dearest Lord how much she car'd.
And canst thou cast her off, forgetting all
The hours of tender love, and fond delight,
When joy, existing only in her sight,
You counted every other blessing small ?
Ah ! press her to thee ; let not words unkind
Rob of its wonted peace her feeling mind.

Sonnet XXII.**INCONSTANCY.**

Thou know'st I've lov'd thee long, and lov'd thee true,
That every wish I form'd belong'd to thee;
And must I now exclaim, "Ah, woe is me!"

Compell'd to bid the sweets of hope adieu.
Ah ! where the plighted faith so fondly sworn,
The mutual love, that never was to end ?
All gone !—Our brittle joys on air depend ;
The spider's web is not so easy torn.

And yet, false Girl ! if I had left thee so,
Thou hadst been sure to say, " Deceitful man,
" To win our favour, tries all arts he can,
" To sink us down in painful misery low ;
" To wound the finest feelings of the breast,
" Fickle as wind, too changeable to rest."

Sonnet XXIII.**THE ORPHAN.**

“ Why steals that tear adown thy cheek, my Love ?
“ What sudden impulse wakes this new alarm ?
“ Be far away the dread of future harm !
“ No present evil sure thy grief can move.”
“ Ah ! Damon, see’st thou not, where sad and slow
“ Goes yon funereal train, the train of one,
“ Whose course of wedded bliss was swiftly run,
“ For three short months have plung’d his bride in woe ?
“ And should’st thou, Damon, too be call’d away,
“ My heart will break, and who will then protect
“ Our helpless babes ? ” “ Alas ! my love, reject
“ These fancies :—ours, I trust, a happier day.
“ But should heav’n call us hence, its tenderest care
“ Will be the poor deserted Orphan’s share.”

Sonnet XXIV.

THE HOURS OF LOVE.

Sweet are the Hours of Love, when some fond pair,
In the first bloom of life's delightful age,
Their gentle hearts in mutual ties engage ;
The Youth so brave, the Maid so peerless fair.
When on each other bosoms they recline,
And sigh, and speak in soft mellifluous voice ;
When parents smile, and friends approve the choice ;
And fortune seems a happy web to twine.
Then young-ey'd joy expands his silken wings,
And time, like some smooth current, gently flows ;
Where'er they tread, the grass more verdant grows,
The daisy laughs, the fragrant violet springs :
While the blithe birds on every spray repeat,
“ The Hours, the Hours of Love are passing sweet.”

Sonnet XXV.

SHE NEVER TOLD HER LOVE.

How hard his fate, who fondly loves to bear
Indifference chilling as the wintery frost;
Ever to plead, and ever to be cross'd,

When no intreaty moves the cruel fair!

His looks indeed may pale dejection wear;
And the poor wretch, on seas of trouble toss'd,
May pine like one forlorn, whose hope is lost,

And brood o'er sullen thoughts of black despair.
But when the Maiden loves, forbid to speak,

In silence must she bear the painful smart;
Like Patience on a monument, so meek

She sits, but never dares her love impart;
And soon the roses fly her lovely cheek,
Concealment sorely rankling at her heart.

Sonnet XXVI.**BID ME CEASE TO LOVE.**

Go preach to Avarice stories of distress,
And try if thou canst melt his flinty heart;
Go teach the tiger pity's gentle part,
 And thirst of blood and cruelty suppress.
Go bid the winds tempestuous cease to blow,
 That wreck the fated vessel on the shore ;
Go tell the wintery frost to chill no more,
When from the clouds descends the falling snow.
Or try if thou canst make the Sun forbear
To scorch the plants on Afric's sandy waste ;
Or winged Time to stop his rapid haste,
 Return again, and listen to thy prayer.
Try all that is impossible for man ;
Then bid me cease to love my blue-ey'd Anne.

Sonnet XXVII.

TO ANNA.

Drops from thy magic lute a sound so sweet,
That I could ever listen with delight,
When o'er my senses, in the still of night,
It comes melodious: yet again repeat
That strain; and if thou lov'st me, Anna, join
Thy voice, that has my soul so often fill'd
With heav'nly rapture, as it softly thrill'd,
And charm me with the harmony divine.

It is enchantment; 'tis as tho' my soul
Had left mortality, to join the choir
Of angels, hymning to the golden lyre,
Above the regions of the starry pole.
O Anna! it can soothe the sense of pain,
And with a potent spell the captive heart enchain.

Sonnet XXVIII.

THE LOVER'S SORROW.

O'er his Louisa's corse her lover bent,
The salt tear streaming down his wan cheeks fell ;
“ Ah! lovely Maid,” he cry'd, “ sweet flower, farewell !
“ The sum of all my happiness is spent,
“ And this distracted heart, with sorrow rent,
“ Like some poor hermit, in his lonely cell,
“ Henceforth in deepest solitude shall dwell,
“ And mourn the fatal wreck of past content.”
No second love I'll seek, on me no more
The wanton God shall try his magic power ;
He taught me worth and virtue to adore,
And charms that death was eager to devour :
A last sad kiss I give thee ; all is o'er ;
Ah ! lovely Maid, farewell, farewell, sweet flower !

Sonnet XXIX.

TO THE SUN.

Orb of the day, roll on, that from the East,
From climes remote of Asia, climb'st the height
Of heav'n empyreal, scattering black night

Before thee; till thy glowing rays, increas'd
To full meridian lustre, pierce the mine

Of rich Golconda; o'er the fam'd Chinese,
Japan, New Holland, and the southern seas,
Then warm on Californian regions shine.

Mexico, Florida, Groenland, th' Azores,
Spain and Great Britain, France and Negroland,
Italia, Germany, and the Swedish strand,

Thou visit'st; Turkey and Egyptian shores;
Till Russia and Arabian wilds behold,
Persia and Eastern Ind thy rising beams unfold.

Sonnet XXX.

THE PATRIOT.

Where ancient story tells of some bold deed
Achiev'd by patriot heroes in the field,
Give me the fair recording page to read,
How generous valour taught the foe to yield,
For this the theme that most my soul admires
A gallant people struggling to be free ;
Whose wrong some Tell or Kosciusko fires,
To give his injur'd country liberty.
But shame on him that back inglorious shrinks,
Who shuns the trying hour thro' dastard fear,
Oppression's hateful beverage willing drinks,
And turns to Freedom's call his deafen'd ear :
Be shame his portion ! scorn'd of friends and foes,
Let misery mark his life's disastrous close.

Sonnet XXXI.**EXPECTATION.**

Slowly the moments seem to move along
When Expectation sits with eager eye
In silence watching, as the hour draws nigh
So long appointed ; frequent views the throng
Tumultuous passing ; frequent gazes round,
And listens to the striking of the clock,
That seems with tedious stroke his wish to mock,
While time stands still—so thinks he—yet the sound
Dies on the ear at last, and distant now
The object of his anxious search appears ;
Alas ! the sight deceives, for as it nears
No longer 'tis the same. Sad o'er his brow
A dark cloud hangs, a sigh forlorn is heard,
And the heart sickens sore with hope deferr'd.

Sonnet XXXII.

TO FORTUNE.

Go cheat the fond fool with thy wanton smiles,
Who thinks the path of life is strew'd with flowers ;
For me no more thy flattering tale beguiles
To trust the promis'd bliss of future hours.
Ah ! never yet felicity and man
Together truly met before the grave ;
The busy mind still forms some airy plan,
Finds something wanting, something left to crave.
Away then, Fortune, for thy smiles I scorn,
And at thy frowns I laugh, and heed them not :
The fairest pleasures of the loveliest morn
Are in the evening's tempest all forgot ;
But sweet the calm that after tempests springs,
When Hope expands her renovated wings.

Sonnet XXXIII.

THE THAMES.

Pour mighty rivers from remotest lands
Their world of waters ; pour the Maragnon*,
La Plate and Mississippi, rolling on
In streams majestic to the Western strands.
Pour too the noble Ganges from the East,
And spacious Indus ; to the Euxine tide
The Don, the Danube, and the Dnieper glide ;
And the fam'd Nile, with annual floods increas'd,
The Niger, Gambia, and the Senegal
From Afric ; France may boast her rapid Seine ;
Her Po Italia ; and her Ebro Spain.
Yet Father Thames reigns Monarch of them all.
To him a thousand rivers every day,
A thousand streams their willing tribute pay.

* The River Amazons.

Sonnet XXXIV.**POMFRET CASTLE.**

And was it here that England's wretched King,
The Grandson of illustrious Edward fell,
By deeds that history's page may blush to tell ?

Could Tigers in my Country's bosom spring ?
They could ! for scarce did Henry's doubtful nod
Proclaim the wish, ere ruffian hands were found
T' inflict with barbarous stroke the cruel wound :
To please an earthly Prince, forgetting God,
Who saith, " Thou shalt not murder." Yet ere Piercc
And his accursed hirelings could succeed,
Did four beneath a Richard's fury bleed,
Who swung his axe around with courage fierce.
Thro' the lone ruins as the wild breeze moans
Still fancy hears the Monarch's dying groans.

Sonnet XXXV.

CONTEMPLATION OF THE HEAVENS.

I love to rove amidst the starry height,
To leave the little scenes of Earth behind,
And let Imagination wing her flight
On eagle pinions swifter than the wind.
I love the planets in their course to trace;
To mark the comets speeding to the Sun,
Then launch into immeasurable space,
Where lost to human sight remote they run.
I love to view the Moon, when high she rides
Amidst the heav'ns, in borrow'd lustre bright,
To fathom how she rules the subject tides,
And how she borrows from the Sun her light.
O ! these are wonders of th' Almighty hand,
Whose wisdom first the circling orbits plann'd.

Sonnet XXXVI.**LIFE.**

Oh ! who would dwell for ever in this world,
The pangs of keen contempt perchance to bear,
Till patient merit sink with wan despair,
From every hope with sweet contentment hurl'd.
Where not a moment Peace securely reigns
Ere savage man against his fellow arms,
And war's loud clarion, sounding hoarse alarms,
With blood deep drenches earth's affrighted plains.
Where virtue oft in galling chains hath groan'd,
And watch'd in torturing pain the midnight hour,
The victim of some gloomy tyrant's pow'r,
Who sat, for human misery, high enthron'd.
I thank my God these scenes will shortly close,
And suffering virtue triumph o'er her foes.

Sonnet XXXVII.

THE SNAIL.

Methinks 'twere pleasant like the Snail to dwell,
And keep my home from idle guests secure,
For then would I retire within my door,

 And live contented in my narrow cell.

For much I hate unquiet broils, and fly

 The bustling tumult of the noisy crew,

 And pleasure far in other shape pursue

Than where her charms allure the common eye.

 And could I like the Snail my house remove,

I'd seek some happy spot beneath a hill,

At whose fair foot should run a murmuring rill,

 And with me then should dwell the friend I love;

And no ill neighbour near with hateful strife

Should vex the tranquil hours of humble life.

Sonnet XXXVIII.

THE OAK.

Planted in some fair wood the Acorn grows,
And shoots up in a sapling tall and strait,
Whose leaf full many a storm autumnal strews,
While many a spring it blooms with strength elate :
Till in a lofty tree it rears its head,
Where the bird builds secure her airy nest,
And wide the waving branches round are spread,
In all the pride of summer foliage dress'd.
And now, become the father of the wood,
By the stout rustic's gleaming axe it falls,
And in a ship, upon the watery flood,
It forms, O glorious fate ! our wooden walls.
High o'er the deck th' imperial flag's unfurl'd,
And Britain sends her Oak to rule the world.

Sonnet XXXIX.

COMPASSION.

As when from Earth ascends the kindly dew
To cheer the drooping plants and tender flowers,
And as the clouds pour down refreshing showers,
That all the verdure of the field renew ;
So every furrow of the face to smooth
Comes soft Compassion with a gentle smile,
The tears of keen affliction to beguile,
And the poor mourner's aching bosom soothe.
Sorrow no longer leaves a festering sting,
Want flies her presence, Sickness hastens away,
As gloomy night before the glimpse of day,
Or hoary winter at the sight of spring.
She, like the good Samaritan, abounds
With charity, to pour sweet balsam in our wounds.

Sonnet XL.

THE WANTS OF LIFE.

The wild untutor'd Savages, that roam
Thro' woods to hunt, and on the lakes to fish,
In every part find equally a home,
And in success have all their hearts can wish.
So few their wants, that with their daily food,
And that perhaps but scant, they're satisfy'd :
But we the sons of Europe, of a brood
More polish'd, in the wantonness of pride
And luxury, set no bounds to our desires :
We must have pillows soft, and beds of down,
And splendid chariots, and superb attires,
The measure of our comforts but to crown.
So many wants, and of a nature too,
The Savage sure is happiest that has few.

Sonnet XLI.

THE DEATH OF ALGERNON SIDNEY.

As some stout Lion, wounded by the dart
Of lurking hunter, nobly scorns to fly,
And turns with mane erect, and glaring eye,
Where from the wood he sees the ambush start ;
Nor yields, till by a host encompass'd round,
And pierc'd with many shafts he bravely falls :
His great heart never dastard fear appals,
Tho' his life's blood besprents the purpl'd ground.
So Sidney, by the tyrant doom'd to bleed,
Indignant to the scaffold march'd along,
And felt not his but all a nation's wrong,
That burnt with fury to avenge the deed.
Willing to die, no sigh escap'd his breast,
And, "Liberty or death," his last bold words express'd.

Sonnet XLII.

THE MOTHER.

Beyond expression, for her infant child
The gentle Mother's tender bosom burns,
And oft her wistful eye she fondly turns
Towards the cradle, where in sleep so mild
He rests contented : see, she turns again ;
And, when the little slumberer awakes,
To her fond breast her lovely charge she takes,
And cannot long from kisses sweet refrain.
Her soul is wrapt in his, and he too seems,
Ah ! more than seems, to feel the bland caress ;
He nestles oft, and oft her hands will press,
While from his eye a smile enchanting beams.
Ne'er does the Mother feel one half this joy,
Who to the hireling trusts her darling boy.

Sonnet XLIII.

SOLICITUDE.

On his hard couch the weary rustic lies,
To rest his limbs, and sleep away his toil,
'Till morn returning bids him early rise
To tend his cattle, or to till the soil.
No busy thoughts, with molestation rude,
Come o'er his breast, for not a care he knows,
Nor on the silence of the night intrude
To break the welcome hours of sweet repose.
O, how much happier in his lowly cot
Than he, who, resting on a downy bed,
With all that heaven's indulgence can allot,
Finds yet a thorny pillow wound his head !
Solicitude, the bane of life, destroys
The calm delight of Sleep's refreshing joys.

Sonnet XLIV.**THIRST OF FAME.**

As wings the Eagle, thro' the midway sky,
Above the smaller birds, his towering flight,
No more within the ken of mortal sight :

So, not like common dust forgotten, I
Would in the silent grave for ever lie ;
Yet, not in false ambition I delight,
To conquer nations in embattl'd fight,
That history may my triumphs magnify.

No, let me build my fame upon some deed,
By virtue and humanity adorn'd,
Posterity with censure will not read,
By wisdom and her votaries unscorn'd.
Else let me in obscurity still lead
A life, to thirst of glory unsuborn'd.

Sonnet XLV.**FORTITUDE.**

O happy he, who when the evil frown
Of fortune far removes each hollow friend,
Can look on narrow minds contemptuous down,
And on himself, a staff secure, depend!
Can rise above the world, and nobly bear
The shafts of malice, and the taunts of foes,
Nor sink a wretched prey to wan despair,
But love to hatred, smiles to scorn oppose.
He, he shall triumph, tho' by tempests toss'd,
His bark, by hope upheld, shall gain the shore;
On no fell rocks of dire destruction lost,
But in a peaceful port securely moor :
Whilst calumny subdued shall sink to shame,
And honor crown the noble sufferer's name.

Sonnet XLVI.**DUTY TO OUR COUNTRY.**

Tho' born in some uncultivated wild
A Mother's wandering foot alone had trod,
I'd meanly blush not to be call'd her child,
To own my Country, to confess my God.
But born in Europe's fair enlighten'd shore,
If perjur'd, treacherous, worthless I should be,
And spend in vain pursuits the passing time,
My country would have cause to blush at me.
For this the sacred Duty that we owe,
Inherent from the earliest birth of man,
To guard it bravely from a foreign foe,
And do it all the active good we can.
And he that scorns the common aid to give
Is but a traitor, is not fit to live.

Sonnet XLVII.

ROCHE ABBEY*.

Where Superstition held her ancient seat,
Amidst these ruins, mouldering every hour,
Sits hoary Time exulting in his pow'r;

She little thought in this secure retreat,
Pil'd with such massy stone, her reign would end.

Came fair Religion, with her child Reform,
False votaries in their gloomy cells to storm;
Yet Contemplation here might love to spend

The evening of his days; yon walks invite,
With branches of the giant Beech o'erspread,
And vast rocks, beetling high above the head,

The mind in sweet retirement to delight.
Would that indulgent heav'n had plac'd my lot
Near the fair limits of this lovely spot!

* Near Tickill in Yorkshire.

Sonnet XLVIII.

TO CONTENTMENT.

I sought thee rising early, gentle Maid,
When Ocean's pathless billows sailing o'er,
I rang'd the limits of a foreign shore,

Thro' France I journey'd, and thro' Spain I stray'd:
And rov'd thro' Flanders' rich luxuriant soil,
Amidst her gay canals; then came I home,
Resolv'd no more in foreign lands to roam,
So little reaping after all my toil.

Thro' fair Augusta did I seek thee next,
Midst balls and concerts, but thou wert not there;
And then I breath'd the country's purer air,

But all my search grew more and more perplex'd:
Until a hoary sage I chanc'd to find,
Who taught me where to seek,—within the Mind.

Sonnet XLIX.

THE SMILES OF INFANCY.

Seest thou how pretty is that infant smile,
So cherub like, so innocently sweet ?

Its little heart has never harbour'd guile,
Its lips are yet untutor'd to deceit.

Ah, that the commerce of the world should leave
No trace of this in some few years behind,
Of all that makes him noble man bereave,
Till not a spark of innate worth we find !

Wild passions rage tumultuous in his soul,
His mouth is ever open to blaspheme ;
Defying shame he suffers no controul,
And thinks religion but an empty dream :
Resembling only in his shape the Child,
That like a Cherub once so sweetly smil'd.

Sonnet L.**ALBION.**

Thrice happy Island, if thou didst but know
Thy many blessings! No distresses fall
On thee like other nations—more than all
 Of heaven favor'd—Thine no fearful woe
Of whelming Earthquake, that ingulfs beneath
 The soil ten thousands; thine no pestilence,
 No war, no famine,—ages banish'd hence.—
For thee Prosperity entwines her wreath
 Of brightest glory. Ever may thy land
In smiling Peace and golden Plenty rest,
With all that's great, and good, and noble bless'd,
 The admiration of each neighbouring strand.
While the waves beat around thy rocky shore,
Till hoary time itself shall be no more!

Sonnet LI.

THE SUN OF HAPPINESS.

Dark on the mountain hangs at morning grey
The hovering mist, and downward as it bends
A heavy dew o'er all the vale descends ;
No breeze to chase the sullen clouds away ;
Till gathering thicker, in continued show'r
The rain falls beating, whilst to clear the skies
The sun in vain his piercing radiance tries ;
More deeply still o'er nature's face they low'r.
E'en so my fate, with disappointment sore
O'ershadow'd early, still more stormy grows ;
The world, alas ! and fortune are my foes,
Conspiring each to vex me more and more.
When will these eyes the glorious Sun behold
His rays of heavenly happiness unfold ?

Sonnet LII.

THE WARNING.

Ah! smiling Maid, of every charm possess'd,
Heed not the flattering speech and blandish'd tale;
Too oft is beauty for itself caress'd,
And o'er an Angel's form would vice prevail.
He will deceive thee; yonder perjur'd youth
That talks of honor, honor never knew;
A restless foe to innocence and truth,
His arts alone an evil aim pursue.
Low would he sink thee to the haunts of shame,
With thousands, wretched thousands, sunk before;
Thy virgin glory, and thy spotless name,
And sense that makes thee so admir'd no more;
Till nothing worth a single thought be left,
Of all but pangs of keen remorse bereft.

Sonnet LIII.

THE SEASONS.

Spring first, that leads along the laughing hours,
A lovely nymph with chaplets gaily crown'd,
Who lightly trips it o'er the tufted ground,

Awakening where she treads ten thousand flow'rs.

And Summer next, who loves in shady bow'r's
To stretch his length; by dimpling rivulet found,
Or where the sylvan pipes so sweetly sound,

And longs to cool his heat with pleasant show'rs.

Then Autumn comes, whose lap Pomona fills

With fruits delicious. Winter last succeeds,
Whose snowy robe invests the topmost hills,

The plains beneath, the fields, and grassy meads;
He locks in bolts of ice the lakes and rills,

Till Spring again the circling Seasons leads.

Sonnet LIV.

TO HEALTH.

Uninterrupted Health, to thee I raise
My song so grateful. Me, in every age,
And every clime, from infancy's first stage,
Hast thou pre-eminently bless'd: my days
Have never any pain, nor sickness known:
The early morning saw me first to rise,
And bare my neck beneath inclement skies,
Or march at noontide in a warmer zone,
Beneath the sultry sun, till evening came,
And I could plunge me fearless in the wave
Of some refreshing brook, my limbs to lave.
—Health, while I praise thee, while my words proclaim
Thy favors, I invoke thee still to spread
Thy brightest beams of glory round my head.

Sonnet LV.

BRITANNIA.

She that to Rome with many struggles bow'd,
When her best legions thunder'd on our coast,
Who found the gallant natives at their post,

For battle harness'd, and with hearts uncow'd.
She that, when Rome retir'd, unnerv'd for fight,

Call'd in the treacherous Saxon to her aid,
Who every art to win the kingdom play'd,
And conquer'd more by stratagem than might.

She whom the Dane long harass'd and gave Kings,
And the proud Norman humbl'd to his yoke,
The chains of galling Tyranny has broke,

And all the world her sovereign glory rings.
While Rome has fallen, while the Gaul and Dane,
And rival nations, gnash their teeth in vain.

Sonnet LVI.**GIBRALTAR.**

Hail, Rock in days of ancient Greece renown'd,
What time the Chief, who bolts of vengeance hurl'd
On cruel tyrants, rang'd adventurous round,
And justly call'd thee pillar of the world.
Hail Rock, so often captur'd by the Moor,
And by the sword or famine lost again,
Till Britain by one gallant effort tore,
And kept thee from the haughty race of Spain.
Spain, that collecting numerous legions try'd
Back to reconquer, but a band was there
Led by an Elliott, who their host defy'd,
And blew their floating batt'ries in the air;
When firmly as the rock itself he stood,
And taught them Britons could not be subdued.

Sonnet LVII.**THE WORLD.**

The World's a ship, and I, a passenger,
Am toss'd about by tempests to and fro,
In endless perils wheresoe'er I go ;

The waves tumultuous make a cruel stir :
And if perchance there come a favoring breeze

To touch at Cytharea's pleasant Isle,
Where Spring with roses crown'd delights to smile,
We soon must leave the happy spot behind.

And rocks on every side so thick appear
There's no retreating, while deep gulfs before
And quicksands lurk ; again the surges roar,

Again the bosom feels impulsive fear.
When shall I see this crazy bark, the World,
Secure in port, with all her canvass furl'd ?

Sonnet LVIII.

ON A MUTILATED STATUE IN THE WALLS OF YORK.

“ Youth, I can read thy thoughts, while thou dost stand
“ Pondering that mutilated statue o'er,
“ Some artist's work of ages long before,
“ Once counted as a Goddess in the land.
“ ’Tis all the honor it deserves to lie
“ Neglected in the Wall.”—“ It may be so,
“ But yet its story should I love to know,
“ What time the Roman sat in Majesty,
“ Within Eboracum.”—“ Those times of old
“ Ne'er may my native country see again !
“ A haughty stranger in her bosom reign,
“ And we among the list of slaves enroll'd,
“ Who bow the knee at Gallia's hated shrine,
“ And life's best gifts with recreant hearts resign.”

Sonnet LIX.

THE RIVER.

Forth bursts the Parent Spring from some tall hill,
That capp'd with clouds amidst the air ascends,
And thro' the valley in a narrow rill,
Chafing the idle pebbles nimbly bends.
Till gathering strength, recruiting as it goes
From smaller streams, it runs with swifter force,
And first a rivulet, then a River flows,
Dispensing plenty in its winding course.
Now o'er the surface lofty bridges stride,
Where painted barks extend their yellow sails,
Till on it rushes to the briny tide,
Where Commerce sits expecting favoring gales.
Old Ocean hails with pride the noble guest,
And clasps the willing waters to his breast.

Sonnet LX.**LIBERTY.**

Burns the pure flame of Freedom in thy breast,
And wilt thou never bow to tyranny?
Then thou'rt my friend indeed ; I honor thee :
We two will stand, deserted of thy rest,
Together in the gap, or hew our way
Thro' legions. Let the Coward lose his right,
Who ignominious wants the heart to fight ;
Shall sons of Freedom like base slaves obey ?
Oh no ! they call to mind their Sires of old,
Who with their blood the fields of battle died,
And fell or conquer'd bravely side by side :
Who won that Freedom higher priz'd than gold ;
And bade us keep it unimpair'd, unstain'd,
Our Island's glory, long as time remain'd.

Sonnet LXI.

THE COMPLAINT OF POVERTY.

Look not on me so earnestly, my Love,
I know not what to do : my heart will break
To see thine own with such distresses ache :

Ah ! sure our sorrows are enough to move
The stones to pity ! Hush, my babe, that cry
Distracts thy father ! If it must be so,
Again to the unfeeling world I'll go,
And tell my story. Will they not deny,
And say that I must work, and earn my bread ?
Alas ! these three long weeks no work for me !
They'll say they little know how this can be :
And low then must I bow my drooping head ;
Compell'd to see these sad distresses fall
On thee, and me, our little ones and all.

Sonnet LXII.

THE MONTHS.

Comes January first in furs yclad,
Then February dripping wet with show'rs,
Dry windy March succeeds, then April hours,
That make the Earth with pleasant verdure glad.
Next lovely May leads on her laughing train,
And then comes June that smells so sweet of hay,
Then July suns their radiant heat display,
To usher August, crown'd with yellow grain.
September next, to harmless birds a foe,
And then October, reeling ripe with ale,
Then bleak November brings his stormy gale,
And last December full of sleet and snow.
Twelve Months that, varying, each in turn appear
To fill the space of one encircling year.

Sonnet LXIII.

MISERIES OF WAR.

We talk of Wisdom, ah, we talk indeed,
And that is all! for we should else no more
Delight in shedding floods of huinan gore,
Rejoicing when in battle thousands bleed.
Ambition burns a conquering host to lead,
And ruin'd cities may his track deplore,
And fields, that late the smiles of harvest wore,
O'erspread with corses mark the horrid deed.
Some frenzy siezes our unhappy race,
Continual wars for little cause to wage ;
For all mankind the Earth has ample space,
Yet jarring interests in our bosoms rage.
When will the reign of lasting Peace have place?
Ah ! when will heav'n the thirst of blood assuage ?

Sonnet LXIV.**THE POOR CHILD.**

Hard is thy lot, poor Child, to pace the street
In this cold season with thy feet all bare :
Well may they look in such a piercing air,
Cover'd with blains ! What Parent so can treat
His little offspring ? Has stern Poverty
So laid his iron hand upon their head,
They cannot clothe thee ? Art thou coarsely fed,
And beaten too ? I cannot bear to see
Thee shivering in such pain. Come, come along ;
And were it the last shilling I had got,
Thou should'st have shoes and stockings. Happier lot
To die than suffer such injurious wrong !
Thou wert not made, with such a feeble form,
To bide the pelting of the wintery storm.

Sonnet LXV.

TIME.

Moments make minutes, minutes form the hour,
And circling hours the day and night compose ;
Days form the week, and months the weeks devour,
And to the months the year its fulness owes.
Yet moments, minutes, hours we throw away,
And heed not Time that wings his rapid flight,
In folly we consume the flitting day,
In lengthen'd slumbers waste returning night :
And weeks flow on, and months, and seasons too,
And years are lost as if too light to prize ;
And as we older grow, alas ! how few
Grow with our years more diligently wise :
And yet that life is short we all complain,
With days, weeks, months, and years all spent in vain.

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Sonnet LXVI.

FUTILITY OF RICHES.

Why should I envy him of all mankind,
Who boasts what chance bestows the largest store ?
It gives him splendid luxury, no more ;
It cannot give an independent mind,
Nor health, the choicest blessing man can find,
Or teach the narrow spirit how to soar
Amidst the tracks of intellectual lore,
Or yet in chains of gold contentment bind.
It cannot make us good, and wise, and brave,
Or smooth the thorny bed of lingering pain,
From death's impending grasp securely save,
Or call departed friends to life again ;
And, when the rich man makes his earthly grave,
Behind must all his useless hoards remain.

Sonnet LXVII.

THE FEATURES.

Doth not the father's eye delight to trace
The Mother's features in his infant child,
That won his early love, when first she smil'd ;

And mark, as they expand, the native grace
And charms he so admir'd renew'd again ?

O yes, it fills his heart with conscious pride,
When loveliness and sense are both ally'd,
And when his gentle partner seeks to train
Her daughters in her steps; while she surveys
With rapture in her boy's unfolding youth
The manly look, and generous love of truth,
And learning he so ardently displays;
Sees those transcendent virtues in the Son
That first her virgin heart and fond affection won.

Sonnet LXVIII.

OCEAN.

Fierce blow the winds, the foaming billows rage,
And madly dashing, with a hideous roar,
Threaten to drown the Earth's affrighted shore ;
Who shall the madness of their wrath assuage ?
God, who hath set his sands in ancient age
To bar the Ocean, and who saith of yore,
“ So far shall go thy waters and no more,
“ Tho' war eternal on the land they wage.”
Such the dread fiat Great Canute once spoke,
When the vain flatterers dar'd to say his nod
Would all Creation humble to his yoke,
Owning the powerful mandate of his rod :
But when the waves tumultuous round him broke,
“ Ocean,” he cry'd, “ bows only to its God.”

Sonnet LXIX.**CRÆSUS.**

The Prince, that sat upon the Lydian throne,
Renown'd for wealth in each succeeding age,
Believ'd that he should hear the Grecian Sage
Above all mortal blessing praise his own.

Vain thought ! for after-change came on, so dire,
He might remember what the Sage reply'd,
“ That none were truly happy till they dy'd,”
For Cyrus doom'd him to the flaming fire.

’Twas then he felt the truth, as he exclaim'd,
“ O Solon, Solon !”—While intent he gaz'd,
The royal Conqueror stood himself amaz'd,
And question'd why the ancient Sage he nam'd.
Him too the lesson struck with equal awe,
And Cræsus thus a friend in Cyrus saw.

Sonnet LXX.

THE DUELLIST.

High-minded youth, restrain the ardent fire
Indignant flashing in those eyes of thine ;
Offence I mean not, other thoughts are mine,
To calm the fury of this fretful ire.

Thou would'st be griev'd to quarrel with thy friend
For trifling cause, for some unmeaning jest,
The playful sally of a lively breast,
That never cou'd a serious wrong intend.

Would'st thou for this, in vile inglorious strife
Draw his heart's blood ? For shame, forbear thine hand !
And earlier learn to gain a self-command,
If thou would'st pass with happiness thro' life.
False honor prompts thee to a bloody deed,
That ranks with murder in the Christian's creed.

Sonnet LXXI.

INDUSTRY.

Hail Industry ! the genuine source of wealth,
That crowns the free-born sons of Britain's Isle,
'Tis thine to bless the labouring hind with wealth,
And make the rich man's board with plenty smile.
Thou shear'st the fleece, and till'st the stubborn field,
And gatherest in the harvest's ample store ;
Thou mak'st the barren earth luxuriance yield,
And delv'st in mines to find the glittering ore.
Thou lift'st the ponderous hammer, shap'st the mass,
And bid'st the huge machinery useful rise ;
And temper'd steel, and wheels of iron and brass,
And wondrous works of art thy hand supplies.
Parent of Commerce, every varying gale
Abroad or homeward wafts thy swelling sail.

Sonnet LXXII.

THE SEASON OF BENEVOLENCE.

Bleak from the frigid North the cold winds blow,
The yellow fading leaf with frost is nipp'd,
And white with hoary dew the long blade tipp'd,

While the clouds, prelude of approaching snow,
Pour frequent hail and sleet. O ! now let Wealth
Among the children of the cot repair,

To mark the little comforts wanting there,
And guard in wintery storms the village health.

For Poverty, tho' hard it toil indeed,
Is destin'd many evils to endure,
And cannot each necessity procure.

If haply thou hast then while others need,
Go teach the Poor this excellence to know,
The Rich have hearts to pity and bestow.

Sonnet LXXIII.**LUXURY.**

Where is the fam'd Assyrian pow'r of old ?
Where Elam ? Grecia ? Rome's illustrious race ?
All vanish'd, leaving some but little trace
 Of ancient worth in history's page enroll'd.
The measure of their days at last was full,
 For luxury weaken'd their internal might,
When each successive tumbl'd from his height,
Assyria ending with her Sardanpul.

 Britain, beware of Luxury ; drink not thou
The cup Circean, lest it pluck away
Thy nervous vigour, and a dread decay
 To other nations make thy glory bow.
The godlike valour of thy sons no more
Shall then resound thro' every foreign shore.

L

Sonnet LXXIV.

THE HALCYON.

On Ocean's surface vex'd with hostile storms
The peaceful Halcyon never seeks repose,
But in the calm her little nest she forms,
And for her young maternal care she knows.
Thus in the bosom hostile passions shake,
Like furies raging or the boist'rous wind,
How vain to think her dwelling peace will make,
And live in union with a restless mind.
She loves no bickering jar, no looks of ire,
No gusts malignant bursting from a heart,
More ready than the flax to catch the fire,
And into whirlwinds for a trifle start.
Oh no! she loves the smile, the brow serene,
Where meekness sits o'er every feature queen.

Sonnet LXXV.

THE SUICIDE.

I saw the Wretch, I look'd upon his face
That dar'd destroy himself: mistaken fool !
Ill-taught in fair Religion's sacred school,
And void of resignation, void of grace.
Was this a son of freedom ? Did this land,
That teems with heroes, give disgraceful birth
To one of such contaminated worth,
To march to slaughter by his own rash hand ?
It did, but he mispent his fairest time,
And threw away the wealth that fortune gave :
Deserted of his God, and passion's slave,
He fled the world, while youth was in its prime ;
Because his haughty spirit could not brook
On self-inflicted poverty to look.

Sonnet LXXVI.**SHALL I RESIGN MY HARP?**

Shall I resign my harp, and vow no more
To sweep the sounding string? Shall I refuse
To listen to the sweet attractive Muse,
That taught me first to love her valu'd store?
No,—tho' like loftier bards I never soar,
Yet would I not the happy privilege lose
Within her bowers to wander when I chuse,
And cull her simple flowerets o'er and o'er.
For while in busy cities I must spend
Unwilling each fair season, she can raise
An Eden round my home, and sweetly blend
With scenes of rural happiness the days,
Till time the long expected hour shall send,
When I with Dryad Nymphs may tune my lays.

Sonnet LXXVII.

AGE.

And who is he so bent with hoary age
Comes hither tottering ? It is one, I ween,
Whom often thou rememberest to have seen,
The good Leontio. How he doth engage
My pity ! All his gentle sons are dead ;
And his sweet daughter, that endearing child,
Who us'd to lead him with her look so mild,
Droop'd like a lily, and she too has fled.

Now mournfully he wanders to her tomb,
Which daily he doth wet with many a tear,
And, "Would," he cries, "I lay but peaceful here,
"I could have died my lovely child to save!"
Then up to heav'n he casts a look resign'd,
"Thy will be done, O Father of mankind!"

Sonnet LXXVIII.**MERCY.**

The brightest laurels by the Conqueror won
With real glory never gild the brave,
If Mercy stretch not forth her hand to save:

For this may shame descend on Philip's son,
When Betis' corse round Gaza's walls he drew:

For this may Cortez, tho' the voice of fame
To distant ages may his deeds proclaim,
Be held a Monster, since he basely slew,

Thro' cursed thirst of gold, the Indian King*:
That King, a hero in the trying hour,
O'er whom the fiery flame had little pow'r;

Who when his fellow mourn'd the painful sting,
"Am I upon a bed of roses?" cry'd,
And Death in all his cruel shapes defy'd.

* Guatimozin--The last Emperor of the Mexicans. He was drawn half burnt from the fire, and hung on pretence of rebellion three years after.

Sonnet LXXIX.**FAME.**

Shall my name live for ever, or the grave
Blot out my memory ? What avails a name,
And all that's falsely call'd immortal fame ?

Nothing !—I would not cast a thought to save
This being from oblivion, if a pen,

More durable than brass, in heav'n did not
Record my actions ; better were my lot
To die, like many millions of good men,
Forgotten, than in history's page to live
A villain, like the wretch that fame desir'd,
And Dian's fair Ephesian temple fir'd.

No earthly glory can the Spirit give
One single joy, when Death has siez'd his prey,
But keen remorse pride's empty dreams allay.

Sonnet LXXX.

THE PLANETARY SYSTEM.

Majestic in the center stands the Sun,
About him every subject planet rolls,
Turning upon the axis of its poles,
While day and night their change alternate run.
Thro' the bright Zodiac see the Earth pursue
Her track appointed, first the Ram attain,
The Bull, the Twins, the Crab, the Lion reign,
The Virgin follows, and the Balance too :
Then comes the Scorpion fierce, the Archer bold,
The rampant Goat, and now the Pitcher pours
Abundant waters from his sluicy stores ;
At last the Fish their warmer influence hold :
Twelve radiant Signs the starry heavens display,
Thro' which the Earth pursues her constant way.

Sonnet LXXXI.**EPICURISM.**

Anna, my fairest, see the playful lambs
In gambols sporting on the daisy'd mead,
While now and then they crop the tender feed,
Impatient bleating if they miss their dams.
Sweet innocents ! and must the deadly knife
Soon slay them ? Yes, for all the numerous brood
Of birds and beasts were giv'n to man for food,
Pronounc'd a blessing to sustain his life.
And tho' indeed it seems full hard for them,
Yet is it right ; and all the evil lies
In wanton Epicures to sacrifice
More than what nature craves ; and to condemn,
Apicius like, for one luxurious dish,
Numbers of living creatures, flesh, and fowl, and fish.

Sonnet LXXXII.**GUILT AND INNOCENCE.**

Amidst the deepest horrors of the night,
When death and danger stalk disastrous round,
When vivid lightnings flash upon the sight,
And thunders roll, and earthquakes rock the ground ;
Secure sleeps Innocence, her peace of mind,
Built on a sure foundation, never fails ;
Fearless she hears the roaring of the wind,
Her tranquil bosom not a fear assails.
But at the trembling of an Aspen leaf
Guilt starts, and, inward when his eye he turns,
From life-corroding pangs finds no relief,
But still with sad incessant anguish mourns.
So truly Man, if he reflects, may tell,
“ That Guilt and Peace together never dwell.”

Sonnet LXXXIII.

LOUIS XVI.

Uncertain life ! I do remember, when
In France I sojourn'd in my youth, the Great
Paraded through the streets in lofty state,
And scarce did some imagine they were men.
They little thought how soon the adverse blast
Would wreck their glory : lesson strange to all,
But most to grandeur, often rais'd to fall,
And sentenc'd to a scaffold at the last !
So Wolsey tumbl'd ; so a Cromwell fell
In Harry's days ; so Essex, and the Queen
Of Scots ; so Charles ; and such the closing scene
Of Louis, not a friend to ring his knell ;
Nor like his royal Ancestors entomb'd,
But to disgraceful death, disgraceful burial doom'd.

Sonnet LXXXIV.**EARTH.**

Hail Earth, prolific mother, from whose womb
Man first was taken: chiefly thee we sing,
When Nature clothes thee in her robe of spring,
When field and garden laugh in Flora's bloom,
And the fair blossom yields a soft perfume;
When choral notes thro' all the forest ring,
And tribes of insects flutter on the wing,
The bee delighting on the banks of broom.
Lovely thou seem'st alike on every land,
Save where no water in the desert flows,
On barren tracks of Afric, where the sand,
Whirl'd by the breeze, in clouds o'erwhelming blows;
There Heav'n has long withheld its bounteous hand,
No flower, no fruit, no plant the region knows.

Sonnet LXXXV.

THE RECLUSE.

“ Why sitt’st thou here, thou solitary Man,
“ Musing retir’d in this sequester’d spot,
“ Where Nature’s hand has form’d the arched grot,
“ Above the reach of boasted Art to plan?
“ Has the world us’d thee ill, or hast thou lost
“ Some friend belov’d? Has fortune cast thee down?
“ Or dost thou pine beneath the cruel frown
“ Of some fair Maid, in love unkindly cross’d?”
“ ‘ Ah no! the world is kind; I’ve lost no friend
“ ‘ Belov’d as life, and fortune still has smil’d;
“ ‘ No tender Maid has e’er my hopes beguil’d;
“ ‘ But here I love the evening hours to spend
“ ‘ In Contemplation, that amends the heart,
“ ‘ In this lone grot from vulgar haunts apart.’ ”

Sonnet LXXXVI.

ENGLAND.

My native Country, hail ! I love thee well,
I love thy manners, love thy liberty,
And in thy Sons the first of virtues see,
Whose glorious deeds with conscious pride I tell.
Brave, generous, ready to forgive a wrong
With tender mercy ; whilst thy daughters fair,
As blushing Hebe, have a lovely air
And softness wakening every Poet's song.
I love thy Church, because its base is fix'd
On truth ; I love thy pleasant fields,
Where fruitful crops the golden harvest yields ;
Thy lands, where hill and dale are sweetly mix'd.
I love thy temperate air, thy healthy coast,
And that I'm born a Briton is my boast.

Sonnet LXXXVII.

HAPPINESS.

What art thou like, fair Happiness ? The Sea,
When every wave is still : thou'rt like the breeze,
That in the Summer plays among the trees :

Or like the streamlet running pleasantly
Along its winding bed : thou'rt like the sky
Of mild cerulean hue, when all serene
Apollo drives his car ; or like the Queen
Of night, whose silvery lustre beams on high.

Not long the Sea is still ; the winds increase
And torrents swell the stream ; the Sun no more,
Nor full-orb'd Moon shine lovely as before,

And all the smiles of cheerful nature cease :
So soon flits human happiness away,
Glorious at morn, o'ershadow'd at noonday.

Sonnet LXXXVIII.

ACTIVE VIRTUE.

Within a gloomy cloister, or a cell,
May passive Virtue be by choice confin'd,
Sequester'd from the sight of all mankind ;
 May love retir'd in solitude to dwell,
Imploring oft the hand of Heaven to bless
 Herself and others; yet her merit's small,
Tho' sev'n times kneeling on a day she fall,
And pray'r and praise with fervent zeal address.

But active Virtue, ranging thro' the Earth,
Finds much to notice; finds an Orphan here,
A Widow there, and checks the falling tear;

Well pleas'd Compassion hails her gentle birth;
Beholds her strive the woes of life to chace,
And give a Hanway* to the human race.

* Jonas Hanway, Esq., whose life was one continued course of Philanthropy.

Sonnet LXXXIX.

RETURN OF MORNING.

Veil'd in a mantle dark, no longer now
The face of Nature to the traveller's eye
Enchanting smiles; no object can he spy;

Nor pleasant champain, nor the pine-clad brow
Of hill or mountain. Wears the field in vain
Its blooming verdure; and the ripen'd corn
The country far and near him may adorn;
And villages and cities may remain
Unnotic'd: but when the returning light
Breaks glorious from the East, and by degrees
The pastures, and the cottages, and trees,
Are open'd like enchantment to the sight:
He hails the lovely beauties of the day,
Delighted as he journies on his way.

Sonnet XC.

THE CHILD OF WANT.

Poor Child of Want ! and hast thou not a home,
And not a pitying friend to make thee blest ?
Art thou unshelter'd, driv'n abroad to roam,
In sickness, and in pain, and much distress'd ?
I'll lead thee to my cottage ; 'tis but small,
But thou may'st sit and warm thee by the fire ;
I have a morsel left, and that is all
Perchance thy frugal nature may require.
And thou shalt taste my cup ; and then we'll sit,
And talk of happier times, when fortune smil'd.
Alas ! her arrows keen have sorely hit
Thy tender bosom, thou art Sorrow's child :
But yet a stranger kindly feels thy woes,
And gives thee pity ere the tale he knows.

Sonnet XCI.

CASTLES IN THE AIR.

I love to build me Castles in the Air,
For tho' on earth I've not a foot of land,
And all I have scarce worth a grain of sand,
Yet who can tell the fine estate I've there ?
A noble park, adorn'd with lofty trees,
With herds of deer that range on every side ;
A sheet of water where a ship may ride,
And groves and grottoes where to rest at ease.
A palace too, that Chatsworth, Blenheim, Stow,
In beauty match not ; rich without, within ;
Where all that's useful, all that's rare is seen ;
And dost thou think me poor ?—I tell thee no :
I'm richer far than one who more has got,
And yet whose niggard mind enjoys it not.

Sonnet XCII.

THE VOYAGE OF LIFE.

The gallant ship, to distant kingdoms bound,
In foreign climes, her stores for traffic bears,
And richly pays the vent'rous Merchant's cares,
Who sees with fair success the voyage crown'd.
And now again she loads a costly freight,
And homeward thro' the Ocean cleaves her way;
While nearer steering every prosperous day
The Sailor's bosom throbs with joy elate.
Alas ! in sight of port she sinks at last !
E'en so in youth our bark securely steers,
And blind to evil no misfortune fears,
Nor dreams of any rude molesting blast.
Too soon the flattering joy of hope is o'er,
A fatal shipwreck drowns us nigh the shore.

Sonnet XCIII.

ST. ALBAN'S CATHEDRAL.

Within yon hallow'd fane, to wipe the blot
Of murder founded by the Saxon king,
Where pealing Anthems still solemnal ring,
Tho' days of Monkish pomp are long forgot ;
In peaceful sleep reposes in his bier
Humphry the Good, whom cruel traitors bent
On proud ambition to his long home sent,
For whom may England drop a grateful tear.

Alas ! in every age good men have been
The butt of villains : Socrates, the best
Of all the heathen, may this truth attest,
Yet these are heroes in their final scene :
Firm, manly, and resign they yield their breath,
And smile amidst the agonies of death.

Sonnet XCIV.

SOCIETY.

Cou'd I be landed in some pleasant isle,
With all my little family around,
And but ourselves alone to share the ground ;
Tho' nature wore for us her happiest smile,
Still something would be wanting ; we should miss
The joys of sweet Society, and grieve
Behind us friends and relatives to leave,
And it would rob the heart of half its bliss.
Man was not form'd to range the forests wild,
Nor yet in gloomy cells to be confin'd ;
Heav'n made him free as air, and taught his mind
He was not born a lone unsocial child ;
That mutual ties of interest bind us all,
And bid the heart beat warm to friendship's call.

Sonnet XCV.**SECRET SORROW.**

In yon fair garden many a fragrant flower
With balmy fragrance scents the ambient air,
And sweetly sing the birds above compare,
At morn's return and evening's tranquil hour.
And Music too is melting soft to hear,
When o'er the strings the fingers lightly play,
While sprightly sounds invite to dances gay,
Arresting gentle youth's, or maiden's ear.
Alas ! the flowers in vain shall scent the vale,
The birds in shady groves unnotic'd sing,
Shall skilful fingers lightly sweep the string,
The sprightly song and lively dance shall fail.
For which of Nature's charms can joy impart,
When secret sorrow once untunes the heart ?

Sonnet XCVI.

COMPASSION TO ANIMALS.

The meanest insect creeping on the ground
Has feeling, has a lively sense of pain,
But tread on't, it will turn and writhe again:

Yet some assert with ignorance profound
There is nor pain nor pleasure—Thou, my boy,
Heed not these sceptics; better dost thou know,
Sickness brings torture, health an ardent glow,
Filling the heart with sadness or with joy.

And let this teach thee never to do harm
To the poor beast; like thee he cannot speak
His feelings; when with docility so meek

He serves thee give him food, nor rudely arm
Thy hand against him; wert thou in his place,
Pity thou'dst wish adorn'd the human race.

Sonnet XCVII.

THE WIDOWED MOURNER.

As on the tomb the widow'd Mourner hung
I pass'd that way, and mark'd the heaving sigh,
And frequent tear fall trickling from her eye,

With anguish seem'd her bosom keenly wrung.

" Cease, lovely Mourner, cease this vain distress ;

“ Like thee their fondest hopes have thousands lost,

“ In all they lov'd by death untimely cross'd ;

“ These painful sorrows let thy heart suppress.”

“ “ Yes, they have lost, ah ! who like me can tell ?

“ “ The Husband of my Youth lies silent here,

“ “ Whose death was follow'd by a son as dear ;

“ “ My noble boy in cruel battle fell.

“ “ And what have I to do on earth,’ she cry'd ?

“ “ Oh, take me, heav'n ! ”—Then bow'd her head, and dy'd.

Sonnet XCVIII.

MORNING.

O didst thou ever wake at early morn
To see the Sun his rising beams unfold,
When all the East appears like burnish'd gold,
And pearly dew-drops hang on every thorn ?
And didst thou ever stroll abroad to hear
The skylark warble as he tow'rs on high,
And poises midst the clear cerulean sky ;
Or have the thrushes notes rejoic'd thine ear ;
Or Philomel, who, singing all the night,
Now sings still sweeter ? Hast thou too inhal'd
The freshening breeze, and every sense regal'd,
And every nerve with health and new delight ?
Then Nature hath to thee display'd her charms,
The sluggard ne'er shall fold within his arms.

Sonnet XCIX.

DR. YOUNG'S MANSION AT WELLVYN.

Oft have I trod the chesnut walk where Young
In contemplation sacred wisdom sought,
And rais'd above the world his soaring thought,
When death and judgement, heav'n and hell he sung.
And oft within those chambers have I slept,
Where Morpheus lost his soft persuasive pow'r,
Unwilling yielding many a midnight hour,
While meditation holy vigils kept.
And I did hope, but all my hopes, alas!
Are like a morning's dream for ever fled,
With one dear friend, now number'd with the dead,
More years of pleasure in those scenes to pass.
Regretted friend, regretted scenes, adieu!
While memory lives will memory sigh for you.

Sonnet C.

THE MANIAC.

When thro' th' ethereal vault the dark scud flies,
Urg'd swiftly by impetuous winds along,
Tunes yon fair Maniac her distressing song,
As to the summit of the clift she hies.
And o'er the briny flood her eye she casts,
Where the rouz'd waves dash hollow on the shore,
The sea-mews scream, and with a hideous roar
Rush from their caverns drear the wintry blasts.
In such a night, thrown rudely at her feet,
Came her Lord's corse, new drowned in the wave,
A bitter shriek of agony she gave,
And reason then for ever fled her seat.
Scenes of wild horror now are her delight,
And her song rises with the storms of night.

Sonnet CI.**LOVE.**

Why kiss the Zephyrs when they gently blow
The budding roses ? Wherefore does the spring
Invite the birds upon the spray to sing,

And why does Delia's sight delight me so ?
'Tis Love that makes the amorous Zephyr play
Upon the rose's bosom, Love that leads
His mate to listen, when the warbler pleads ;

And Love, when sweeter than the morn of May
Young Delia comes, the soft emotion wakes,
That swift as lightning flushing o'er my cheek,
Invites my lips the tender thought to speak,

And paint the pleasing joy my soul partakes.
Love is the source, the spring, the guiding wheel,
That makes all nature soft sensations feel.

Sonnet CII.**THE SUPREME BEING.**

Great in his goodness, in his goodness great,
Above all height th' Almighty sits sublime
From everlasting, and to lasting time

Shall reign in boundless Majesty of state.
Myriads of Spirits stand about his throne,
Administering ; before him Earth and Sea,
The Stars, and all creation bow the knee,
Worthy of honor, pow'r, and praise alone.

He never slumbers, but with watchful care,
And mercy inexpressible, looks down
On all his creatures, and delights to crown
Their days with blessing ; but the largest share
Is heap'd on Man, an inexhausted store
That calls on every heart to wonder and adore.

Sonnet CIII.**GRACE.**

O for thy Grace, my God, the saving Grace
That leads the Christian to obey thy will,
With sacred zeal thy holy paths to trace,
And every dictate of thy truth fulfill !
Impress'd with deepest sense of what is good,
Of all the blessings that I owe to thee,
That I was ransom'd by the precious blood
Of Him, who dy'd upon the cross for me.
That thou would'st ever banish from my heart
Each low and vile affection grovelling there,
And peace above the pow'r of words impart,
Rich in thy faith and hope beyond compare !
Rich in thy love, thy favor, thy applause,
Full of thy spirit, ardent in thy cause.

Sonnet CIV.

THE WELSH CHURCH-YARD.

Within yon bounds the wild grass doth not wave,
Nor noxious weed with poison taint the ground,
But balmy fragrance scents the air around,
From sweetest flow'rs that deck each humble grave.
O hand of Piety, if Spirits can,
As some believe, return to earth again,
They will not sure such tender love disdain,
But feel a tie that binds them still to man.
Will not the Parent see, tho' hence remov'd,
His offspring still his honor'd dust revere,
The friend perceive his memory passing dear,
The little children find they were belov'd :
And frequent comes amid these haunts to tread,
Where fragrant flow'rs bloom o'er the silent dead ?

Sonnet CV.**ETERNITY.**

'Tis not a trifling prize for which we fight,
Eternity—when circling years are o'er
Ten million million there are millions more,
A long long day, a never coming night ;
O God ! and were the pain but only slight
The bad are doom'd to suffer, yet before
The wise would run the risk, what here he bore
Of misery he would laugh at, and requite
A life of self-denial with the thought
Of joy that never ends ; a joy more great
Than heart has yet imagin'd, dearly bought
By One, who, pitying our unhappy state,
By his own death a blest deliverance wrought
For man, no longer left the sport of fate.

Sonnet CVI.

TO PIETY.

Daughter of fair Religion, thou that pay'st
The faithful vow to him that reigns above,
And every precept of his Son obey'st,
Who came to save us with unbounded Love :
Thee I invoke, nor let my lips in vain
Implore thy presence ; come and dwell with me :
Together let us join the Seraph train
Around the throne of Grace on bended knee.
Communion sweet, that Man while fetter'd here
To grosser clay, may hold with spirits bless'd ;
That raises every thought above this sphere,
And plants the love of virtue in his breast !
How far above the joys that sense can boast,
That most deceive us where they please the most !

Sonnet CVII.

THE CRUSE OF OIL.

From her small Cruse of Oil methinks I see
The joyful widow of Sarepta pour
In empty vessels her increasing store,
 The Prophet's blessing from distress to free
 Herself and offspring ; tho' how this can be
She wondereth, yet she gives not idly o'er,
Till not a single vessel's left for more,
 But still her pleasing task continueth she.
Tho' miracles are ceas'd, yet am I sure
 Th' Almighty Being is so wondrous good,
While Earth, and Sun, and Moon, and Stars endure,
 He will not let his people want for food,
To-morrow's useful comforts to procure,
 Then why should I with thoughts uneasy brood ?

Sonnet CVIII.

GRATITUDE TO OUR CREATOR.

Canst thou look up, and count the stars above,
Canst thou look down, and count the grains of sand,
Then may'st thou tell the great Creator's love,
Who opens wide for all his bounteous hand.
To him the rich their cup of plenty owe,
From him the poor receive their daily bread ;
The beasts that range the field their Maker know,
By whom the various tribes of earth are fed.
And what can we return for this, ah ! what
But love, obedience, and a heart sincere ?
Assur'd a blest reward will be the lot
Of those who serve their God with holy fear ;
Who every dutious tribute willing pay,
And tread with pious steps his sacred way.

Sonnet CIX.**T H E F U N E R A L .**

To their long home the sons of grandeur go
In hearse deck'd with proud escutcheons round,
'The blazons of a noble race, renown'd
For deeds of valour; and with pompous show
The train moves onward in procession slow
Towards some hallow'd fane ; no common ground,
But the arch'd vault, and tomb with sculpture crown'd,
Receive the corse with honor laid below.
Whilst with one single friend, perchance not one,
In a plain coffin, to his mortal bourne,
Goes poverty's laborious humble son.
Him tho' no tears of earthly sorrow mourn,
Yet may his virtues have that glory won,
From the rich man by guilt for ever torn.

Sonnet CX.

CONFIDENCE IS GOD.

In every change of time and change of place
Ne'er let me lose my confidence in thee,
My great Creator, for I run the race
Contented which thou hast appointed me.
I do not murmur tho' oppress'd full sore
With many sorrows; if it be thy will
Heap on this humble bosom sorrows more,
But with those sorrows greater strength instil.
The time may haply come when thou shalt try
This heart enough, and blessings will descend
Instead of evil: patiently will I
Those blessings at thy gracious hands attend.
But if in adverse fortune I'm resign'd,
Let not the prosperous tide corrupt my mind.

Sonnet CXI.

PASSAGE OF THE RED SEA.

By impious Pharaoh and his host pursu'd,
Where now shall Israel's race a refuge find,
His trumpets sounding in their ears behind,
And in their front the Red Sea's stormy flood ?
Where but in God ? On high the billows stood,
Up driv'n in heaps before the Eastern wind,
Like some huge wall, and by a spell confin'd,
Th' Almighty fiat—Thus it seem'd him good
To save his people—But when Pharaoh drove
His chariots after, and his chosen host,
In vain against the King of Kings he strove,
Who led him there to quell the tyrant's boast.
Back thro' their channels swift the waters rove,
Th' Egyptians drowning on the Red Sea coast.

Sonnet CXII.

THE CHRISTIAN SOLDIER.

I am a Soldier, and I fight beneath
A valiant Captain, one that battl'd well ;
Who triumph'd o'er the arch-destroyer death,
And conquer'd every adverse pow'r of hell.
He bade me manage well my shield and spear,
And place salvation's helmet on my head ;
He rais'd my soul above the pow'r of fear,
For no created thing he bade me dread.
He told me if I fought the manful fight
A crown of glory my reward should be,
And bade me claim it as my lawful right,
When I had once achiev'd the victory.
Forth then to combat in his strength I'll go,
And humble at my foot the haughty foe.

Sonnet CXIII.

TO A MAGDALEN.

Heav'n, at whose throne of Grace the suppliant ne'er
With sighs of deep contrition vainly bent,
While yet the hour of mercy is unspent,
Fair melancholy Wanderer, hear thy pray'r :
The world could give thee nothing worth thy care ;
It promis'd pleasure, but it only rent
Away the lovely flow'rs of sweet content,
To plant the rankest weeds of black despair.
Now hast thou made a happier wiser choice ;
Wak'd like some slumberer, from death's fatal sleep,
In him that hath redeem'd thee to rejoice,
His will to cherish, and his ways to keep.
Go raise in sweetest hymns thy grateful voice,
Nor more in luxury's cup thy senses steep.

Q

Sonnet CXIV.**EARLY PIETY.**

Whilst rosy health around thee loves to play,
And young-ey'd joy doth dance the hours along,
A willing homage to thy Maker pay,
And praise his goodness with unwearied song.
For time steals on, and as we older grow
Will pain and sickness come with aching smart ;
Ill time with pious zeal our God to know,
For who can serve him then with all his heart ?
Remorse and late Repentance will succeed,
Ah ! late Remorse and late Repentance too !
When most the feeble mind its strength doth need,
The child of guilt hath then the most to do.
But thou more early learn thy God to prize,
Above thy fellows good, above thy fellows wise.

Sonnet CXV.

THE SACRED VOLUME.

“ Old Man, they tell me thou hast seen the Sun
“ A century wheel his golden chariot round,
“ And still thy Memory’s good, thy senses sound ;
“ Thou must have treasur’d since thy days begun
“ A world of Observation. Come, we’ll sit
“ Beneath this beech, and, if it please thee well,
“ Of ancient times and things I’ll hear thee tell,
“ And thou shalt teach me too what rules are fit
“ To guide me in my pilgrimage.” “ ‘ What rules,
“ ‘ My Son ? but mark me, in this sacred book
“ ‘ Thou’lt find the wisest ; every page we look
“ ‘ Will teach us more than all the pride of schools ;
“ ‘ True Wisdom, make both God and Man our friend,
“ ‘ And lead us safely to our journey’s end.’ ”

Sonnet CXVI.

THE CLOSE OF LIFE.

I care not how the morning of my years
May pass in clouds, nor each successive age,
If, when I come to quit this earthly stage,
A smile of meek-ey'd Peace my bosom cheers.
If I can look around me, and behold
My children happy, grown above my care,
And every leisure hour I have to spare
Be free from pain and sickness when I'm old.
Then every other thought, like Prospero's,
Shall be my grave ; one book alone I'll read,
The book of Truth, and that shall be my creed,
Till death with gentle hand my eyelids close.
Then let me in the hope of glory wake,
Among th' immortals call'd my seat to take.

Sonnet CXVII.

THE WORKS OF THE CREATOR.

Thou canst not look upon the meanest flow'r
That opes its humble beauties in the field,
But cause of admiration it shall yield,
Displaying the Creator's glorious pow'r.
Or view the Insect tribe, whose glossy wings
No art can rival ; or the numerous class
Of beasts that wildly range, or crop the grass,
The feather'd train, the fish, the creeping things :
Nor yet the earth compos'd of mountains high
And vallies low, whose teeming womb contains
Such heaps of stone, and precious mineral veins ;
The Sun, the Moon, the Stars, the azure Sky.
Thou canst not see the Mechanism of all,
And not to God in adoration fall.

Sonnet CXVIII.

SUCCEEDING GENERATIONS.

Of all the many Millions which thou seest
So busy pace the streets, a century o'er,
And there shall not exist one being more ;
All shall expire, the oldest and the least :
E'en Infancy, now fondling in the arms,
The earth shall in her hollow vaults entomb,
And other generations fill the room ;
Our daughter's daughters then will lose their charms,
And see their daughters tread the youthful stage ;
And if their sons should ask them, pointing where
Some ancient picture hangs, will answer, " There
Your great great grandsire stands, now dead this age :"
And will not this reflection cost a sigh,
" My Sires are vanish'd hence, and so shall I."

THE
Speech
 OF A
 PRIMITIVE MARTYR,
Pressed to sacrifice to the Heathen Gods.



“ URGE me no more, the Tyrant’s threats I scorn,
 To dread the wrath of man I was not born.
 Does the proud Prince expect me to defy
 A mightier Prince, who reigns supreme on high ?
 Perish the thought, ’tis death ! the hateful sound,
 Worse than the asp inflicts a pois’rous wound.
 No, if accurst Apostasy must give
 A poor reprieve, my soul disdains to live.
 Then bring the racks ; nor racks, nor fiery flame,
 Shall force me to renounce my Master’s name.

Oft in the field of battle have I stood
 Beset by hostile squadrons like a wood ;
 Fell horror, thro’ the ranks, and deep dismay
 In fatal union wing’d their gloomy way :
 Around me have I seen the mighty fall,
 And one vast ruin seem’d to compass all ;
 Yet my firm soul above the conflict rose,
 And acted calmly in the midst of foes,

Prepar'd to die, had heav'n's superior will
Ordain'd the shaft to wound, the sword to kill.

Oft too, when terrors of the troubl'd Main
In triumph held their desolating reign ;
When the loud thunder roar'd, and dire to view
O'er night's black mantle flash'd the lightning blue ;
Whilst every bosom, smote with conscious fear,
Thought the last verge of tottering life was near ;
Oh ! how serenely had I met my fate !
Of life's frail tenure such the final date.

O'er trackless desarts have I bent my way,
Beneath the scorching fury of the ray ;
My parch'd lips glowing with the fervent heat
In vain one friendly drop have long'd to meet :
Extremes of cold beneath another zone,
Naked, and poor, and hungry, have I known ;
Severe reproof, and hatred fierce as hell,
And bitter taunts pursu'd my acting well ;
Yet, unrepining, my unwearied mind
March'd in the track my righteous God design'd.

For Man unworthy shall his Maker's hand
With blessings numerous as the stars expand,
And shall he never taste the cup of woe,
The cup best suited to his lot below ?
Oh ! bring the racks ; nor racks, nor fiery flame,
Shall force me to renounce my Master's name.

The Prince's favor others may enjoy,
Superior scenes my busy thoughts employ :
'Tis bliss to think the day of trial o'er,
And of that hour when pain can sting no more.
But let the Tyrant know, if heav'n would save
No sword could wound, no weapon slay the brave :
This feeble body may he freely take,
And dash to pieces for its Master's sake ;
My soul unfetter'd from the wreck shall rise,
And like a glorious conqueror mount the skies.
Then bring the racks ; nor racks, nor fiery flaine,
Shall force me to renounce my Master's name."

Thus spoke the hero, and his manly breast,
Firm as a rock, no sickening fear possess'd ;
Unmov'd about him he beheld the fire
To heav'n's blue concave roll its curling spire :
Pain fled before him, for the God he serv'd
To sharp endurance every feeling nerv'd ;
But, while his lips found utterance, his tongue
Aloud the praises of his Maker sung.
The sad spectators saw the good Man die,
And tears of sorrow stream'd from every eye ;
E'en he, whose hand had lit the fatal pile,
Stood musing o'er the scene of death awhile,
Then cry'd, " The Christian's faith alone is true,
" I am a Christian, let me suffer too."

TO
The Damsels
OF
BRITAIN.

MAIDENS of Britain, ye that little care
To lead the apes that Satan keeps in hell,
Or be ye hazel brown, or passing fair,
Come list awhile, perchance the verse may tell
Of Tom, a clerkly wight, that wants a wife,
A loving friend and partner for his life.

She must not be of puritanic breed,
With phiz too grave and formal to be good,
Nor round her fingers twirl the cross and bead,
And bow before a stupid piece of wood ;
A canting Methodist, or Jesuit Quaker,
For if she is he surely will not take her.

A face of oval form he most would prize,
A comely gait and shape genteel withal,
And whether black or blue two sparkling eyes
That pierce like lightning wheresoe'er they fall ;
A feeling bosom, unaffected ease,
And sweet good humour must be join'd to these.

For much to hear a wife complain he hates,
When trifles only are the constant theme,
That heedless Nell has broke the cups and plates,
Or suffer'd dogs and cats to steal the cream :
For such misfortunes happen every day,
In spite of all the best of Masters say.

Nor from his windows will he like to peep,
For sure 'tis but an ugly kind of joke,
To rub his eyes as if they wanted sleep,
And tell his neighbours that the house does smoke ;
When all the time 'tis Madam's tongue within,
That murders rest with unrelenting din.

If she is gentle little does he care
How small or great the limits of her store,
Since still at home he shall be sure to find
Content and peace within his cottage door :
And yet methinks, as nothing now is cheap,
A few odd pounds will do the house to keep.

Full many a Maid, I ween, in British land
Of this description's seen, both young and fair;
And Tom to one will gladly give his hand,
The joys and cares of life alike to share :
Together down the stream of life to glide,
And lightly o'er the pleasant surface ride.

Ode
TO
CHARITY.

I KNOW thou hast a liberal mind,
 Sweet Mistress Charity, thou'rt vastly kind,
 And yet thou lik'st not outward show ;
 Unheard, unseen of any eye,
 Save his who every act can spy,
 Thou pity'st and reliev'st the child of woe.

Thou very seldom lik'st to meet
 The common beggar in the street :
 I've seen thee often turn aside,
 And give thyself or him a passage wide ;
 Not relishing the sight of arms and legs,
 The mangl'd relicks of the wretch that begs.

Perhaps thou'rt very much afraid
 A dupe by vile impostors to be made,
 Skill'd in the counterfeiting art,
 Who twist their limbs to touch the feeling heart.

Yet oftentimes with all thy care
Thy gifts are misapply'd ;
And 't must be so, where doubts there are,
Thou always lean'st to pity's side.

Thou dost not love the gilded hall,
The Opera, Concert, nor the ball,
But I have seen thee in such holes,
That much I wonder'd how thou gottest there,
How climb'st the broken ladder and the stair,
To visit poor forlorn deserted souls ;
Deserted of the world, and but for thee
Plung'd in a deep abyss of whelming misery.

Thy hand all lily white I've seen
Where sickness and affliction long have been,
And while thou gav'st the cordial drop
I've seen thee point to balmy hope ;
And, in a voice uncommon sweet,
Teach man with fortitude to meet
The chastening arrows of his God,
To bow submissive, and to kiss the rod.

Thou art a Virgin very pure,
Yet have I seen thee oft, I'm sure,
With a whole tribe of bantlings at thy heels.

They call'd thee Mother——Aye, it might be so !
 For these were Orphans, and I know
 Thy tender bosom for the Orphan feels.
 The Mother, that these bantlings bore,
 Not with her last fond kiss and parting sigh felt more.

When public Charity's in hand,
 The glory of the British land,
 I've seen thee in a sum all round
 Clap down at once a thousand pound :
 Meaning perchance by this example
 To give good citizens a sample
 Of generosity to others,
 And teach mankind they all are brothers.

Indeed, good Madam, in thy praise
 A volume I cou'd write ;
 Thou shew'st thyself a thousand ways,
 And none can owe thee spite,
 Save Avarice, who thy kindness hears,
 And hates the sound, so turns his deafen'd ears ;
 Like adders, that the Charmer's voice despise,
 And fly regardless, charm he ne'er so wise.

Go squeeze dry lemons for the juice,
 And not a drop will they produce,

Not acid e'en bestow :
Avarice can hear the wretched groan,
And, caring for himself alone,
Would see the poor all hanging in a row :
He pants for iron-hearted times,
And reckons poverty the worst of crimes.

Sweet Charity, thou dost accept
Alike the Widow's mite,
And Monarch's gift ; and nothing dost reject
Save Ostentation, which affronts thee quite.
Thy robes she pompously puts on,
And gives, then cries herself, " How nobly done ! "

If rich I grow, oh ! let my heart
A tribute from my stores impart !
But if I'm destin'd to be poor,
Then may my helpless children share
A portion of thy tender care,
Nor let curs'd Avarice drive them from his door.

In thee a Parent let them find,
Humane, beneficent, and kind ;
To save them from the vile disgrace
Of Prostitution's guilty race ;

From open robbery, pilfering theft,
That thousands have of life bereft,
Too early biass'd in their youth
From paths of innocence and truth.

A trifle only will I add ;
I shall be always vastly glad
To hear thou'rt courteously receiv'd ;
Ingratitude we all detest,
Far be it banish'd from the breast,
O Charity, of those thou hast reliev'd.

Ode

TO

CHASTITY.



DAUGHTER of heav'n, that sitt'st on high,
 Enthron'd with sacred Majesty,
 Too little known on Earth,
 Tho' ere the race of time began,
 And guilt had stain'd unworthy man,
 A God, all pure and holy, gave thee birth.

White are thy robes, thy angel face
 Beams like the morn celestial grace ;
 Thy voice doth like the turtle dove
 Breathe speechless harmony and love :
 Thy mind, perpetually serene,
 No wild unruly thoughts invade ;
 Not calmer is the watery scene,
 When every wind and every wave is laid.

Yet we despise thy virgin charms,
 And take a monster to our arms,
 A monster frightful as the midnight storm :

S

Lust is her name, in false attire,
With smiles she stimulates desire,
And hides with love's soft veil her hideous form.

Thus have I seen, and at the sight
My heart has bled at every pore,
Seen reason yield the sovereign right
To passions that obey'd before :
Seen wealth, seen worth, seen beauty sink to shame,
And foul dishonor stain a noble name.

Let Britain's Daughters never stoop
To drink of luxury's fatal cup ;
But let the fairest of the fair
The wanton's garb disdain to wear.
Their godlike race in every age
Has stamp'd its fame on history's page :
From them a Drake, a Hawke, a Nelson sprung,
Who round the globe our vengeful thunder flung;
A race of an undaunted mind,
The first, the bravest of mankind.

Nor let the Sons of Albion more
Detested Belial bow before,
And warp the strength their fathers gave.

When nations 'gainst their own conspire,
O ! let them keep their vital fire,
Their Country from tyrannic yoke to save.

If e'er my heart, my faulty tongue,
Have, lovely virgin, done thee wrong,
The folly, lo ! I blush to view ;
And swear, as heav'n in mercy spar'd,
With fortitude to be prepar'd,
Hereafter to be chaste, hereafter to be true.

Yes, tho' the libertine may laugh,
And streams of fleeting pleasure quaff,
Thee, Chastity, my steps shall seek :
The draughts of thy delicious spring
New joy, new health, new vigour bring,
Confirm the strong and renovate the weak.

Ode

TO

RELIGION.



HAIL, holiest Maid, whose dutous knee
 Unceasing at heaven's footstool bends,
 Where the pure Seraph, taught by thee,
 The voice of praise exulting sends
 To Him, that from unbounded time
 Reigns King of Kings, and Lord of Lords sublime :
 While myriads, hymning to the sound
 Of golden harps, fall prostrate round.

Religion, hail ! I seek thee where
 The Spirits of the Bless'd repair ;
 Nor rove my steps to foreign plains,
 Where gloomy superstition reigns :
 Nor where yon Chapel bounds I view,
 Where Faith assumes a varied hue :
 No, let me where the tall spires rise,
 In solemn grandeur, to the skies ;
 Where all around breathes sacred awe,
 My heart's best thoughts from earth's vain scenes to draw.

With good Men didst thou love to walk,
With Isaac hold celestial talk,
When forth at sober eve he stray'd
To meet thee in some hallow'd glade :
Or if within the Psalmist's breast
Thou dwelledst, an immortal guest ;
From high descend, become my guide,
O'er all my words, my ways preside :
And thou to pleasant streams shalt lead
That thro' delicious vallies flow,
Where Saints on rich Ambrosia feed,
In garments white as driven snow.

Before thy presence, bright as day,
The fiends of night fly swift away :
Revenge and Malice, black Despair,
And Envy with his snaky hair :
And in their room reign virtues mild,
Sweet Patience, Resignation's child ;
Good-nature, Cheerfulness serene,
The friendly smile, the placid mien ;
And Faith that never Truth forsakes,
No vow forgets, no promise breaks :
Firm Hope that animates the soul,
And Fortitude that scorns controul,
Tho' tyrants 'gainst his life conspire,
And threaten cruel death, whips, racks, and torturing fire.

Towards the Temple when I bend
Do thou my willing steps attend ;
Confine the thoughts, direct the prayer
 I offer at the throne of Grace,
When leaving every worldly care
 I enter in that holy place.
Be mine a pious fervent zeal,
 Not such as wild enthusiasts pour,
But Christians that sincerely feel,
 In spirit and in truth adore.

Alas ! some think thee ill-design'd
To form the blessing of mankind :
How little do they know thy ways
 Are ways of pleasantness and peace ;
Of honor, glory, length of days,
 Of pleasures that shall never cease.
Whilst Vice has nothing left to give
Her votaries, when they cease to live :
And all they have, and all they gain,
Is keen regret and unavailing pain ;
 Her bubbles, empty as the wind,
Burst into air, and leave no trace behind.

Thrice happy from their earliest youth
Who never wander'd from the truth !
Who led by thee to Wisdom's bowers
Have sweetly spent the tranquil hours :

Whose hearts, inflam'd with holy love,
At wakeful morn, and closing night,
Have sought for grace from heav'n above,
And made their duty their delight.
They shall not fear the adverse blast,
Their hope sure founded on a rock
The wreck of worlds can never shock,
That stands unmov'd, like Sion fast.

O friend of Man, inspir'd by thee
The wretch may upward cast his eye,
Who, full of guilt and misery,
Has not a refuge where to fly.
When truly to his God he turns,
And all his sins indignant spurns,
One mighty dost thou point to save
From all the horrors of the grave;
To Jesus, dying on the cross,
Whose goodness full atonement made,
Our debts forgave, our forfeits paid,
Redeem'd us from eternal loss.

Depriv'd of thee life is not life,
'Tis but a dreary vision all,
A scene of trouble and of strife,
Of evils that our race befall:

A bark without a helm that steers
At random as the tempest veers;
A boundless Ocean without land,
A barren wilderness of sand:
A bitter pill, but gilded o'er
To surfeit hourly more and more;
A puff of wind that dies away,
The transient meteor of a day.

Whilst glows within my bosom health,
And firm my nervous pulses beat,
O! teach me as the greatest wealth
To seek thy love; and oft retreat
From busier scenes of life to spend
The hours with thee, my guardian friend.
My faithful guardian from despair,
When vex'd with thorny pangs of care;
Whose rays dispel the thickest gloom,
And with immortal light illume:
Can gaunt death's fiercest shaft disarm,
And shield the soul from rude alarm:
Till, safely guided to the skies,
Before us brighter prospects rise;
And in the bosom of its God secure
Hope finds its warmest wish of heavenly glory sure.

Ode

TO

FORTITUDE.



DAUGHTER of sacred Truth, to thee I turn
 My wending footsteps with the morning light,
 While Pleasure beckoning with her nymphs I spurn,
 Pursue thee fearless till the close of night :
 Thro' the wild forest, o'er the sandy plain,
 On the rough mountain, up the shaggy hill ;
 Now stem the torrent swell'd by heavy rain,
 Now tread the small plank o'er the narrow rill ;
 Mount the tall pinnace, resolutely sail
 On the wide Ocean, fearless of the gale.

Thou sitt'st upon some giant rock on high,
 Whose rugged base tempestuous billows sweep,
 Where the winds hover in the midway sky,
 A careful watch on every side to keep.
 None venture near, save those of dauntless heart,
 Who stand the brunt of many a hostile blow ;
 Whose breasts indignant play a manly part,
 The sharp lance couching at their deadly foe ;

T

Till thro' whole ranks they force their daring way,
And with intrepid valour win the well contested day.

Why turn aside from haunts of gentle ease
O'er craggy rocks and dreary wastes to tread ?
Where laughing pleasure tells me all is peace,
Why shall my bosom lurking mischief dread ?
Beneath the flow'r I spy the cankerous toad,
With venom swell'd ; within the Daphnean grove
Disease and sickness hold their drear abode,
And meagre want and baneful famine rove :
Tho' sweetest perfumes scent the ambient air,
Go they that list, I will not venture there.

Hark ! hark, the Syren's voice I hear,
Her soft notes trilling in my ear ;
Away ! away, fond youth, with me,
Nor cast a lingering look behind,
But o'er the heath impatient flee
With steps that shall outstrip the wind.
Ha ! now we breathe, tho' oft we fell
`In loathsome quays again we rose,
And we shall live our deeds to tell,
How oft we triumph'd o'er our foes ;
How well we battl'd with the best,
And won by flight when sharply press'd.

We won by flight, and bound along
Like nimble roes, with cheerful song.

By thee, blest pow'r, whom I invoke,
Firm Fortitude, my chains I broke ;
And, free as air, my way pursue,
Illumin'd by thy steady view.

For conquerors thou delight'st to twine

A wreath adorn'd with many a gem,
Where rubies, diamonds, sapphires shine ;

The passport thou provid'st for them,
When open wide the gates are thrown,

That close thy palace ; peaceful there
The warrior rests ; his toil is done,

And nothing has he left to care.

No more in terrible array

Fierce passions rise to bar his way,
But all without is peace, and all within
Is pleasure unalloy'd, is happiness serene.

Here see I mighty Chiefs renown'd of old,

Whose fame stands blazon'd high on history's page ;
By sacred pens in sacred books enroll'd,

And handed down to each succeeding age.

Abel and Enoch, Noah, and a train

Of ancient Patriarchs, Priests and Princes brave ;
And Prophets snatch'd to heav'n, or hew'd in twain,
Who scorn'd thro' dastard fear their lives to save ;

Jesus himself, who forth undaunted stood,
And by one mighty act both death and hell subdu'd.

The wrath of man the vital spark may quench,
But cannot quell the hero's manly soul,
That like a lion bravely guards the trench,
And like the wind and wave defies control.

The wrath of man may pluck whole kingdoms down,
And trample potent nations under feet ;
May lay in ruins many a famous town,
But never can the noble mind defeat ;
That guards its freedom to its latest breath,
And tow'rds superior to the grasp of death.

O Fortitude, by thee inspir'd
I heed not the severest woes,
But feel my nervous spirits fir'd
With strength whole legions to oppose.
Beneath thy favor grant me still
To persevere, and climb the hill ;
To fight the good fight, and to mend
My pace, as tow'rds the top I bend :
Then let a happy Pisgah sight
Of Palestine my soul delight,
Where the bright Sun of Suns with glorious ray
Beams forth from heav'n's high throne unutterable day.

Bde
TO
PEACE.



MAID of the winning smile,
That lov'st the lowly vale and woodland glade,
Where pipes at noontide in the shade
 The shepherd resting from his toil ;
While all his little flock around
Listen to the plaintive sound,
And, save the babbling of the rill,
Nature's wrapt in silence still ;
Thee I invoke, to thee my soul aspires,
And from the busy world to thy blest haunts retires.

For me false glory has no charms ;
I hate the noisy din of arms ;
The gleaming sword, that, waving high,
Flashes lightning thro' the sky ;
The prancing steed, that, scorning fear,
Paws the ground, and pricks his ear,
Then rushes thro' a host of foes,
Beats down whole ranks, the stoutest overthrows.

The dying Soldier's last faint shriek,
 When sinking in the stormy fight,
 May swell with joy the demon's cheek,
 Whom slaughter, wounds, and death delight :
 May ravening wolves and vultures please,
 That wait their bleeding prey to seize ;
 For these have hearts of triple steel,
 That never soft compassion feel ;
 But heav'n gave Man a tearful eye,
 To teach him Pity mild and meek Humanity.

Sweet Peace, with thee the dance I'll lead
 Upon the flower-enamell'd mead,
 And trip it at the close of day,
 When on the gliding stream the silver moon-beams play.
 The village Nymph, and village Swain,
 With me shall form the sprightly train,
 Whilst hoary Eld sits smiling near,
 Forgets the lapse of many a year,
 And in his Children blest grows young again.

Far, far away let Envy keep,
 And Pride, that with disdainful glance
 Looks on the humble rustic dance :
 No joy can Pride and Envy reap ;

Tho' all around a smile may wear,
Peace seldom falls to Grandeur's share ;
And where pale Envy rears his throne,
The gentle Goddess rests unknown.

Ah, fly not me, sweet Maid, above
A thousand worlds I prize thy love.
By mossy fount, in shady grove,
Where'er my wandering footsteps rove ;
In streets, amidst the busy throng,
That pass with heedless steps along,
I seek thee still; for dear thou art
As the life's blood to my heart,
Nor will I rest till thou art mine,
Till thy green laurels round my brows entwine.

Come then, gentle as the Spring,
When the birds their carols sing,
Softer than the Summer breeze,
When the Zephyrs fan the trees ;
Sweeter than the turtle Dove,
When he cooes his feather'd Love.
What is Love without thy blessing ?

Empty as a morning dream.
What is Life ? not worth possessing ;
But a bubble on the stream.

Dear thou art above all measure,
India's gems, and India's treasure,
Toil to gain thee is but pleasure.

Then come, lovely Maid, when I open my arms,
To clasp thy fair form, to rejoice in thy charms.

INDEPENDENCE.

A LITTLE I have, and that little's enough,
For my bosom contented did ne'er covet more,
Save when my friend's fortune grew angry and rough,
Or the poor houseless trav'ller has stopt at my door.
'Twas the wish of my heart, its first wish, to relieve,
And the mite I could spare have I chearfully given,
My Cottage the stranger shall gladly receive,
And no blessing like friendship exists beneath heaven.

What tho' when the village cock carols the morn
With the lark from his tussock I daily must rise,
Ere the huntsman has merrily wound his shrill horn,
And in winter ere Phœbus illuminates the skies :
Still my heart bids defiance to old father Care,
And, as heaven first form'd it, delights to be free,
To the mansion of Princes I bid him repair,
And leave my thatch'd cottage to Peace and to me.

On no bed of down 'tis my lot to repose,
Yet sleep sweet refreshment to nature soon brings,
My passions all bridl'd have ne'er been my foes,
They have left all their honey, but left not their stings.
The wind may e'en blow from what quarter it lists,
And the snow in huge flakes from the skies may descend,
Yet my bosom all bare the rough season resists,
With health, rosy health, its companion and friend.

Thus cheerful and happy has life pass'd away,
I know that it must have a period at last ;
My cheeks they are furrow'd, my locks they are grey,
But reflection with pleasure can dwell on the past.
And were I to spend my life over again
Perseverance the same steady path should pursue ;
All repining at fortune my soul should disdain,
And keep Independence and Honor in view.

TO DIE OR BE FREE.

ON the knee of my Sire have I sat whilst he told
Of the actions of Britons illustrious and bold ;
How they fought for their Country, and thought for her sake
Their fortunes and lives it was glory to stake :
O my Son, would he say, whilst a drop in thy veins
Unspilt of the blood of thy Fathers remains,
Remember the duties entrusted to thee,
And resolve like a Briton to die or be free.

Like Charles, should some tyrant attempt any more
To shackle the sons of Britannia's free shore,
Those patriots, whose bosoms detest the vile deed,
Like Hampden will die, or like Sidney will bleed ;
Or in liberty's cause will unite hand in hand
To vanquish, or drive him, like James, from the land ;
Then remember the duties entrusted to thee,
And resolve like a Briton to die or be free.

Thus my mind in its infancy happily fill'd
With the maxims of freedom my Parent instill'd,
Disdains all the fetters a tyrant would bring,
And scorns every thought of an absolute King.
May we teach all our children to cherish the fame
That so justly has crown'd each bold Ancestor's name,
And the duties, entrusted to them as to me,
May they always remember, and die or be free.

MRS. CURIOUS PENURIOUS.

A MISTRESS there was that lov'd beating her maids,
She call'd 'em all sluts, and a vile pack of jades,
Then seizing a broomstick fell foul of their sides,
And curry'd them just as a Currier does hides.

Derry down, &c.

She beat them so oft till their sides were quite sore,
When a few days were over they'd stay there no more ;
What to do for fresh servants she did not well know,
To the Country at last she determin'd to go.

To Yorkshire she journey'd, and when she got there
She posted away to a fam'd hiring fair,
Where she pick'd out the stoutest of all she could find,
Who she thought a few buffets a day would not mind.

Then she sent her away in the waggon to town ;
When Yorkshire got there how she star'd up and down,
Much wondering to see such great crowds in the street,
And not one auld acquaintance amongst 'em to meet.

When she got to her Mistress's house she was glad,
And to scrubbing she fell like a wench that was mad :

But her Mistress did nothing but thunder and scold,
For work done so awkward she ne'er did behold.

She soon lost her patience, and seizing her stick
Poor Yorkshire begun like the others to lick ;
O pray hold your hand, my dear Mistress, said she,
You're so curious penurious there's no pleasing thee.

The day was scarce over when Mistress once more
Of Yorkshire fell foul, who cry'd as before,
In three places I've liv'd, but no mistress indeed
So curious penurious my eyes ever seed.

Now this same knack word which the damsel had got
Made Mistress's brain in a fluster quite hot,
For she thought it meant something that was not quite right,
And not one wink of sleep could she get all the night.

At length up she got when the morning arose,
And faster than usual she slipt on her clothes,
Then away with all speed to St. Paul's school she went,
The meaning to learn of these words her intent.

A lad that was clever she happen'd to find,
To whom she began to unburden her mind,
But promis'd him first she would give him a crown,
And as matter of earnest paid half a one down.

“ My lad, you’re a scholar I plainly can see,
“ And soon in my doubts you can satisfy me ;
“ The meaning of curious penurious I’d know,
“ Which I beg as a favor you’ll presently shew.”

“ Dear Madam,” our youth very cleverly cry’d,
“ So generous a lady shall not be deny’d,
“ ’Tis Latin quite rare, and the sense it contains,
“ Is, you hatchet-fac’d jade, will you munch any grains.”

“ O thank ye,” quoth she, “ now I homeward will run,
“ But here’s t’other half crown for the service you’ve done :”
Then homeward she went with all possible haste,
And poor Yorkshire began like a fury to baste.

“ You impudent hussy, how dar’d you,” quoth she,
“ Be always a curious penuriousing me ?
“ What you thought that I did not know Latin it’s clear,
“ You hatchet-fac’d jade, you shall munch no grains here.”

The story got wind, and the lad at the school
Told every one how he had serv’d the old fool ;
And the folks call her now, as you well may suppose,
Mistress Curious Penurious wherever she goes.

GLEE.

The words written for the late Mr. Suet.

NANCY is fair, and Maria is brown,
And Wousky is black as a sloe,
Yet I love them all free, and I call each my own,
When to different countries I go.

In England I love and am true to fair Nancy,
To my charming Brunetta in Spain,
In India black Wousky's the Queen of my fancy,
And now I love Nancy again.

'Tis a maxim with me, and I think it is good,
No fault with a woman to find ;
What signifies colour, she's still flesh and blood,
In all countries there's One to my mind.

The IRISH PHILOSOPHER and the CATS.

Tune, Sit down Neighbours All.

—

AN Irishman, a mighty sage, conclusions fond of trying,
Experience like some wiser folks too often dearly buying,
One day bespoke his friend O'Rourke, dear Pat of every
creature,

Now which do you think the fiercest baste among the
bastes of nature ?

Hub, hubaboo, whack fal de iddy iddy, hub, hubbaboo.

" Now which do I think the fiercest baste ? why arrah 'tis
a tiger,

" No fiercer will you find between the Liffy and the Niger;"
Och, no, no, no, 'tis little puss that yonder you see capering,
I'fai't she is the devil himself when once she sets a vapouring.

True as my Mother's born of me the world I do defy, Sir,
To say Sir Neale O'Flanagan would scorn to tell a lie, Sir ;
Close in a room I shut two cats, and stopp'd up every chink,
Sir,

The de'el a bit was left to eat, the de'el a drop to drink,
Sir.

Next morning when I went to look, my shoul, it made me
stare, Sir,

But the de'el a cat in all the room, nor little Kit was
there, Sir.

"Och, that was very odd indeed, but surely you mistook,
Sir,

"And up the chimney, where they run, why you forgot to
look, Sir."

Oh ! there was ne'er a chimney place, and that was still
more strange, Sir ;

So up and down I peep'd about, and round began to range,
Sir ;

At last I spy'd a pair of claws, a tail and half an ear, Sir,
And so d'ye see the truth of all the case was mighty clear,
Sir.

The bastes had nothing got to dine, had nothing got to
sup, Sir,

So being hungry as two Hawks they ate each other up,
Sir :

And so d'ye see, dear Pat O'Rourke, of all the bastes in
nature,

'Tis little puss that capering there, och, she's the fiercest
creature.

THE OAK.

I SING of the Oak, were I Lord of the world
A wreath should encircle my brow,
And proclaim where the fam'd British flag is unfurl'd
“ My Oak the wide ocean shall plough.”
Then hail lovely Oak, in the forest renown'd,
The first and the fairest of trees,
The Druid foresaw thou would'st give the world law,
The pride of the land and the seas.

When he gaz'd on the tree with its wide spreading branch,
What visions transported his sight,
He saw the plank fashion'd, he saw the ship launch,
And saw her triumphant in fight.

As he mus'd on the ship with her streamers so gay,
A long train of heroes arose ;
Each destin'd his courage in turn to display,
And thunder revenge on our foes.

He saw our third Edward himself lead the band,
To humble the lilies of France ;
He saw Drake and Howard, protecting the land,
'Gainst the Spanish Armada advance.

A Russel, a Hawke, and a thousand Chiefs more
In history's pages enroll'd,
A Nelson, whose loss Britain long shall deplore,
Of courage stupendously bold.

Success to the Oak; may it flourish to keep
From hostile invasion our Coast,
Victoriously sail on the wide-spreading deep,
And still be the Englishman's boast!

Then hail, &c.

THE ORPHAN'S SONG.

—

MY father and mother, alas ! they are dead,
And I am an Orphan forlorn ;
Oh ! where shall I lay my poor sorrowful head ?
I grieve that I ever was born.

My Mother she clasp'd me quite close to her breast,
And o'er me she piteously cry'd,
Then sighing a prayer to heaven address'd,
Oh, bless my sweet darling, and dy'd !

My Father, poor soul ! could not utter a word,
With anguish so keen was he wrung ;
What sighs from the depth of his bosom were heard,
As o'er my dead Mother he hung.

Both, both are entomb'd in one grave, sung the Maid,
And I am an Orphan forlorn ;
Ah ! where shall I lay my poor sorrowful head ?
I grieve that I ever was born.

=====

ANNA.

DIDST thou e'er see a sparkling eye
Glisten in some angelic face,
See cheeks that may with roses vie,
And see inimitable Grace?

Didst thou e'er see a Maid so fair
That e'en a hermit might adore?
Then Anna's matchless charms survey,
And say that she is ten times more.

Her teeth, not orient pearls so white,
Nor strung so even on a row,
Her lips, that may the bees invite
To sip the sweetness they bestow.

Ah! lovely Maid, if 'tis no sin
To wish for beauty such as thine,
Then let me but thy favor win,
And say, with pride, the Maid is mine.

BACHELOR'S FARE.

Set by Mr. Welsh, and Sung by Master Gray at Vauxhall, in 1800.

To the Thames gentle banks, where the stream winds
along,

And the warbler's wild music adds charms to the song,
I led fair Eliza, the girl I adore,
And sung all enamour'd these words o'er and o'er;
O grant what I ask, and believe what I swear,
A kiss from a Maiden is Bachelor's fare.

O mark yonder turtle-dove perch'd on that tree,
How he bills and he coos to his favorite she,
He utters a language that nought can excel,
'Tis the language of nature, it says he loves well :
Then grant what I ask, and believe what I swear,
A kiss from a Maiden is Bachelor's fare.

Thou art dearer than life, there is no one beside
That I wish, fair Eliza, to take for my bride ;
Not the turtle himself half so constant and true
Shall be to his mate as thy Henry to you.
Then grant what I ask, and believe what I swear,
A kiss from a Maiden is Bachelor's fare.

RONDEAU.

THRO' pleasant fields and flowery meads,
With thee, my love, how sweet to stray,
And, still as time the moments speeds,
To laugh and dance the hours away.

For time is ever on the wing,
And youth it passes swift away,
Then never cease to laugh and sing,
But still be frolic, still be gay.

O ! fly the town, and instant seek
The scenes where rural pleasures dwell,
The roses then shall tinge thy cheek,
And I, dear Girl, will love thee well.

Thro' pleasant fields and flowery meads,
With thee, my love, how sweet to stray,
And still as time the moments speeds,
To laugh and dance the hours away.

*EUROPA RESTITUTA AUSPICE
BRITANNIA.*

FAIR LIBERTY, once, in the sea while she bath'd,
Left her garments behind on the shore,
Licentiousness saw, and her body enswath'd
In the garments that Liberty wore.
Then she shouted aloud to the nations around,
“ Ye nations attend to my voice.”
Britannia alone, uudeceiv'd by the sound,
Bade Britons be slow to rejoice ;
'Tis not Freedom that calls, 'tis some demon that raves :
Wherever she ranges the people are slaves.

In the sunshine of Fortune awhile seem'd to bask
All Gallia, that bow'd to her sway,
But ere long the false traitress abandon'd the mask,
And blood mark'd her horrible way.
Britannia, uprousd, seiz'd her shield and her spear,
Sent her navies the ocean to ride,
And, whilst mighty kingdoms all trembl'd with fear,
The legions of Gallia defy'd :—
Alone stood the brunt of the battle, and hurl'd
Her bolts at the ruffians that troubl'd the world.

Iberia, by injuries deeply sustain'd,
Was first from her torpor to wake ;
Her Princes torn from her, yet firm she remain'd,
For she felt that her All was at stake.
But, unable alone with the thousands to cope,
Like locusts that delug'd the land,
To Britain she turn'd as her anchor of hope,
Her bulwark their hosts to withstand ;
Nor did Britain refuse, to her rescue she flew,
And sent forth her heroes the foe to subdue.

Through Europe the tidings of victory blaz'd,
The North caught the generous flame ;
Nor, longer appall'd, with cold apathy gaz'd
On the shackles that whelm'd her with shame.
From the Elbe, from the Rhine, from all Germany driv'n,
The scourges of kingdoms retreat :
Batavia in turn feels the impulse of Heav'n,
And glories at Gallia's defeat.
Again shall all Europe from Tyrants be free ;
'Tis the Will of the Gods, 'tis Britannia's Decree.

THE DAYS OF OLD ENGLAND.

—

BE the Days of Old England for ever renown'd,
When Edward the Third led his warriors to France ;
When Cressy, amaz'd, heard the cannon first sound,
And saw the Black Prince with his squadrons advance :
At Poictiers, again, where he valiantly fought,
When captive to England their Monarch he brought.

Be the Days of Old England again highly fam'd,
When Henry the Fifth led his brave little band,
And, at the fierce battle of Agincourt nam'd,
Slew the flow'r of the Nobles and Chiefs of the land ;
When, triumphant at Paris his treaties he made,
And France crouch'd with terror, of Britons afraid.

Be the Days of Old England renown'd once again,
When Wellington, greater than Mars in the fight,
Drove the Gallic Usurper like lightning from Spain,
And in France, like a Cæsar, puts armies to flight.
Loud, loud, let the cannons for victory roar,
For victory gain'd on our enemy's shore.

For our Chief, when again on his Britain he treads,
And the heroes that gallantly fought by his side,
Prepare wreaths of laurel to circle their heads,
And let gallant Englishmen hail them with pride.
Our bosoms like those of our ancestors burn,
And the days of our Edwards and Henries return.

MY LOVE IS TRUE.

WHEN Nature saw returning Spring,
And all was green of loveliest hue,
Fond Damon thus did blithely sing,
O happy me ! my Love is true.

Then Summer came with smiling June,
And in the garden roses grew ;
He pick'd out one, and sung this tune,
'Tis like my Love, and she is true.

His fruits, blithe Autumn next display'd,
His peaches, pears, and apples too ;
Fond Damon through the woodlands stray'd,
And sweetly sung, my Love is true.

Then Winter brought his frosts along,
And round the fire the neighbours drew ;
When each successive tun'd his song,
Young Damon sung, my Love is true.

And while goes round the circling year,
My cheerful song I'll still renew,
And sing sweet Mary's passing dear,
For she's my Love, and she is true.

MARY'S CHARMS.

WITH Charms to wake the fondest Love
Young Mary first engag'd my heart :
How happy then my fate to prove
The eyes that gave would heal the smart.

They sweetly sweetly beam'd on me,
And fill'd me full of mirth and glee ;
And now I bless the happy hour
I bent to love's auspicious pow'r,
 And Mary's charms.

Beside the babbling brook I stray,
When sober evening steals along,
And in the pleasant month of May
Delight to hear the thrush's song.
But far more sweet the voice to me,
That fill'd me full of mirth and glee ;
And now I bless the happy hour
I bent to love's auspicious pow'r,
 And Mary's charms.

Then let me from the world retreat,
Its greatest pomps I value not;
With Mary every hour is sweet,
And sweet will be my rural cot.
Her voice is music soft to me,
It fills me full of mirth and glee,
And now I bless the happy hour
I bent to love's auspicious pow'r,
 And Mary's charms.

JOHN BULL.

The Chorus of this Song is not new.

CHORUS.

HERE's a health to honest John Bull,
When he's gone we sha'nt find such another;
Then with hearts and with glasses brim full,
We'll drink to Old England his mother.

He was gifted of Heav'n at his birth,
His gifts he will bravely maintain ;
Jove made him the first upon Earth,
And Neptune the first on the Main.

Here's a health, &c.

By Liberty's hand was he rear'd,
With rapture she cherish'd the boy,
Strong sense in his manhood appear'd,
And Liberty saw it with joy.

Here's a health, &c.

She taught his firm soul to disdain
Revenge, and ambition, and blood ;
To be sober, his passions restrain,
To be merciful, pious, and good.

Here's a health, &c.

She taught him Lords, Commons, and King,
 Form one constitutional whole ;
 The source whence true Freedom must spring,
 As the body is mov'd by the soul.

Here's a health, &c.

The favorite of beauty and love,
 Like a tree by the river he grows ;
 In peace he is mild as a dove,
 A lion in war to his foes.

Here's a health, &c.

WOMAN, THE GODDESS FOR ME.

THE weather was hot, 'twas a fine summer's day,
 When Dian retir'd from the sun's sultry gleam ;
 Her Nymphs were rejoic'd when they posted away,
 To lave their fair limbs in the crystalline stream :
 So through a thick grove to the streamlet they hied,
 Where they plung'd like the swans in the soft yielding
 tide.

As they dabbl'd about, Sirs, it happen'd by chance
Acteon the Hunter came posting along,
His hounds through the thicket had led him a dance,
And the Woodlands re-echo'd his soul-clearing song ;
Not dreaming, not he, Mistress Dian to spy
With her Nymphs in the brook that run murmuring
nigh.

Our luckless young hunter was struck with amaze,
A sight so enchanting he'd ne'er seen before ;
He stood like a statue, continuing to gaze,
And still something he found, Sirs, to make him gaze
more:
But for fear of his fortune Acteon should brag,
The Goddess, enrag'd, chang'd the youth to a stag.

That his hounds eat him up, Sirs, I need not relate,
Methinks for a trifle she us'd him but ill ;
That he gaz'd at a Goddess occasion'd his fate,
Had he gaz'd at a Woman he might have gaz'd still.
If in heav'n dwell those Goddesses there let them be,
For Woman, dear Woman's the Goddess for me.

*NEPTUNE's VISIT to LONDON in the
HARD FROST of 1814.*

Tune—*Derry Down.*

OLD Neptune, one day, look'd quite blue at the nose,
His favorite river it chanc'd to be froze,
And it griev'd him quite sore that at dinner and lunch
He cou'd get no good water to mix into punch.

French brandy, he thought, was but comical stuff,
And rum, raw and simple, he'd had quite enough;
Limes, lemons, and sugar he took in his hand,
And to drink punch at London he merrily plann'd.

Then he steer'd from the Nore, tho' unpleasant the season,
Why the water stopp'd running to find out the reason,
When he came to the bridge how he star'd with surprize,
Such fun on the ice ne'er before met his eyes.

For some were a playing at skittles like mad,
The lasses were dancing, and each had her lad ;
There were some that sat smoking, and others a singing,
Had there been but a church, they'd have set the bells
ringing.

A sheep he saw roasting quite whole on the ice,
He call'd for a plateful, and thought it was nice:
Aha! quoth old Neptune, as I am a sinner,
On the Thames I ne'er thought of thus getting my dinner.

Then he prowl'd round and round, but could not for his
soul

To fill his tin teakettle find out a hole;
At last he fell foul of a booth, and went in,
And there they sold porter, and bitters, and gin.

So he call'd for a pot, and he lik'd it so well,
That Elliott's stout porter now bears off the belle;
And they say that it gave him such pleasure and glee,
That he instantly order'd a cargo for sea.

YOUNG DAMON.

IN peace his little flock to feed
Was all young Damon's pride ;
He led them to the flowery mead
Delightful streams beside.
And happy did he spend the day,
Till love insidious came ;
The Nymph that stole his heart away,
Pastora was her name.

His pipe and crook were then forgot,
His flock at random rov'd,
And all he had he valu'd not,
Unblest with her he lov'd :
Till sweet Pastora sooth'd his pains ;
Again his flock he feeds,
The happiest of the village swains
On Avon's flowery meads.

THE DRUID'S SONG.

Written for the Lodge No. 17, Birmingham.

YE Druids renown'd, the nations around,
Hoary Time in his travels surveys you with pride,
He bids you not fear ; to the Gods ye are dear,
The downfall of empires your name shall abide.

Chorus.

Then Druids rejoice, with loud harmony sing,
“ All hail to your God, to your Country and King !”

From Gomer ye sprung, sons of Japhet among,
Who led the brave Celtæ to regions afar,
The North's hardy race, whom no deeds would disgrace,
Undaunted at hardships, unconquer'd in war.

Chorus.

Arch Druids he nam'd, for virtue high fam'd,
No idol they rear'd, for their worship was pure ;
The circle of stone was their temple alone,
A temple through ages design'd to endure.

Chorus.

The Grove was their seat of favorite retreat,
 Where the Oak spreads aloft his tall head to the skies ;
 On the branches between was the Mistletoe seen,
 Immortality's emblem, the hope of the wise.

Chorus.

There the bard taught the youth the beauty of truth,
 That a life of sweet peace, good and simple was best ;
 But when war shook the plains, he exalted his strains,
 And to actions heroic inspir'd the bold breast.

Chorus.

The victim they slew no blemish e'er knew,
 And gold was the blade wherewithal it was slain ;
 They hallow'd the soil of Mona's blest Isle,
 Where centuries thrice seven beheld their wise reign.

Chorus.

The Oak they approv'd, by us is belov'd,
 'Tis Britain's defence that gives law to the deep :
 True Druids are we, like our forefathers free,
 Their virtues we cherish, their maxims we keep.

Chorus.

Then Druids rejoice, with loud harmony sing,
 " All hail to your God, to your Country and King ! "

WILLIAM AND MARY.

From the *Centinel*, an American Newspaper of July 3, 1800.

BY HENRY.

HARD is the lot of many poor
To work and drudge the live-long day,
To weave the web, and wash the floor,
With many an aching heart and sore,
And scarcely have they time to pray.

Yet have I seen this toilsome throng
Endure what you would weep to see ;
And yet no murmur broke their song,
Right merrily they tripp'd along ;
For still the heart from care was free.

For shame then, hush complaint, ye Great,
Who never knew the pangs of grief !
Let me one simple tale relate,
And you may weep at partial fate,
But cannot now afford relief.

Fair Mary Gay was scarce fifteen
When first she grac'd young William's bed :
She was a pretty girl and clean,
And something in her eye was seen,
Which told you she had thought and read.

Indeed she lov'd alone to pore
Among the books the village had ;
And as she turn'd their legends o'er
She gather'd many a tale of yore,
To make the idle rustic glad.

I well remember all the youth
To her at every wake would run,
And buy her cakes, for she forsooth
Did use to mingle jest with truth,
And lure to good with quaintish pun.

Perchance you ask where she did dwell ?
Her little cot was all forlorn ;
It had, I ween, a benched cell,
Where Mary us'd to sit and tell
Strange things that were ere she was born.

And thus somehow did Mary thrive,
Her pittance true was very small ;
On Sunday she could rest and live,
And oft did passing strangers give
A thankful mite to Mary's all.

Yet she was aye content and gay,
For William he was kind and true;
And love we know can charm away
The cares and troubles of the day;
Just so poor Mary wou'd tell you.

At length sad times of want came round,
For Fortune turns, 'tis said, her wheel;
And then so little food was found
In Mary's famish'd spot of ground,
You'd think it were no sin to steal.

But this young couple both were bred
To love their God and pray amain;
They said, and rightly too they said,
'Twere better far to starve in bed,
Than make God's holy promise vain.

For he alone the raven feeds,
And gives the callow young their food;
His people thro' the waste he leads,
And finds them plenty for their needs,
Then let him do what seems him good.

So William would away to war,
And this cost Mary many tears;
For she had heard in climes afar,
That dreadful scenes await the Tar,
And so of William's life had fears.

But want pinch'd sharp, and he must go
To sell his youth for petty pay ;
Poor Mary kiss'd his cheek in woe,
And stammer'd while her tears did flow,
“ William, remember me, I pray ! ”

Thus parted they—to earn her bread
This child of want would delve and spin ;
A little kerchief tied her head,
And one mean robe was round her spread,
Yet had she truly less within.

’Twas melting sweet to hear her sing,
So doleful now she pour'd her strain :
This burden thro' her song would ring,
Ah ! William, William, come and bring
The smile that scatters all my pain.

So summer past, but winter came,
The snow beat down and whirl'd the breeze ;
Poor Mary could afford no flame,
And were it only for the name
She might be truly said to freeze.

One night it rain'd, it blew right hard,
And twelve had struck the village clock ;
In those dark nights she could not card,
So Mary lay, her windows barr'd,
Yet heard she many a solemn knock.

She thought at first it was the rain
That beat so hard upon the floor;
But soon she heard a voice complain,
“ Pray Mary wake, and ease my pain,
“ Young William waits you at the door.”

Quick did she rise, and quick did fly
The creaking door its hinge about;
She strangely felt, yet knew not why,
She felt as tho’ she then would die,
As William shivering stood without.

“ Ah ! welcome William,” soon she cry’d,
“ Thy cloathes are wet, thy cheeks are cold.”
“ Ah ! very cold,” his voice reply’d,
“ But, Mary, thou shalt be my bride,
“ My narrow house both us can hold.

“ My journey has been sore oppress’d,
“ And perils have I undergone ;
“ But, Mary, lay thee down to rest,
“ And sleep upon my clay-cold breast,
“ We soon again shall be but one.”

Then tho’ she thought so strange the sound,
So hollow dismal the reply,
That sometimes she would look around,
And fear each noise that stirr’d the ground,
With William’s wish she did comply.

So to his breast he did her fold,
And round her neck his arms entwine :
Yet oft, she said, as since she told,
“ Sweet love, thy limbs are marble cold,”
And he, “ O Mary, thou art mine.”

At length fatigu’d she fell asleep,
And never woke till break of day ;
Yet then she might both quake and weep,
And true she felt some horrors creep,
For at her side no William lay.

But Mary thought he might have rose
To welcome all the rustics near ;
So drest herself, and almost froze,
Runs to her neighbours to disclose,
What scarce she dar’d, oppress’d by fear.

She said her William had come back,
And ask’d if they had mark’d his tread;
The neighbours all look’d blue and black,
And cry’d, “ Ah ! no—alack ! alack !”
For well they knew that he was dead.

I will not wound your gentle soul
To tell how Mary stood aghast ;
Her eye-balls seem’d no more to roll,
She groan’d, and if you knew her dole,
You well might wish it were her last.

The neighbours say that she must die,
She neither eats, nor drinks, nor sleeps ;
But all the time in fits will cry,
“ Poor William to thy Mary fly,”
And then by turns she laughs and weeps.

THE TRAVELLER AND HIS DOG.

“ THE way is dreary o'er the moor,
“ I prithee stop, and do not go ;
“ For thou may'st tread the quagmires o'er,
“ Where travellers oft were lost before,
“ In wintry nights of sleet and snow.”

“ I cannot stop, I cannot stay,
“ My wife and children are alone,
“ I promis'd when I came away
“ To be at home at close of day,
“ And now methinks I hear them moan.

" I hear them moan, I hear them cry,
 " Ah ! where can my dear father be ?
 " And sure my wife makes this reply,
 " Tho' tears stand trembling in her eye,
 " We soon shall your dear father see."

He trudg'd away, 'twas bitter cold,
 The snow came pelting in his face.
 Ah ! why will man be never told,
 But venture forth with daring bold,
 And trackless paths uncertain trace ?

He thought he knew the way full well,
 And oft indeed he'd steer'd aright ;
 Nor did he need a tongue to tell
 The quagmire where the travellers fell,
 And perish'd in the dreary night.

He trudg'd along, his dog behind,
 The ground was all with snow bespread,
 And bleak and hollow was the wind,
 The track at last he cou'd not find,
 Afar in devious wanderings led.

And now he stumbles every stride,
 And shrinks at every step he takes,
 A ditch he travers'd deep and wide,
 And thought a distant light he spy'd,
 And to it all in haste he makes.

Alas ! no friendly light was there,
'Twas but the glimmering of the eye ;
The snow came faster thro' the air,
Amaz'd he stood, and knew not where
The long-lost path 'twas best to try.

At last he thought his former track
He'd seek to measure o'er again ;
But when he came to wander back,
The snow had cover'd all, alack !
And all his searches were in vain.

Fatigu'd and weary now no more
With step so firm he marches on ;
The cold with pain he shivering bore,
For chilling blasts about him rear,
And all his strength was nearly gone.

And now the quagmire's top he treads,
It trembles too beneath his feet ;
Again he steps and danger dreads ;
Deceitful are the marshy beds,
Where rushes tall and reeds you meet.

He sinks full deep and none are near ;
His dog alone, and what can he ?
O'ercome at once with deadly fear,
No senses left, no friend to hear,
And from the dangerous quagmire free.

Fast, fast he sticks and cannot move,
 Across his staff he wildly throws ;
 What pangs severe are his to prove,
 He thinks of those he well might love,
 And mortal are the traveller's woes.

No pitying hand appears to save,
 His faithful dog alone stands nigh ;
 Who loudly barks as tho' he'd rave,
 And fain would some assistance crave,
 So deep his yell, so sad his cry.

But soon by instinct led alone
 That oft does more than reason can,
 The path they came to Hector known,
 He treads with swiftness all his own,
 And from his sinking master ran.

Nor long was he when to the door
 He came that last the traveller left,
 When, madly wandering on the Moor,
 He would thro' snow his path explore,
 And might be thought of sense bereft.

He taps ; " O hark ! what noise is that ?
 " 'Tis but the jarring of the wind—
 " Again ! it was a gentle pat,
 " Perhaps it is the dog or cat,
 " To seek the cottage warmth inclin'd.

“ Oh, these poor beasts like us must feel !
“ My dear I'll rise and let him in ;
“ We should not harbour hearts of steel,
“ But sometimes think of others weal,
“ And let them our affection win.”

Then to the door in haste he went,
And mov'd the latch, and op'd it too ;
In came the dog, and to him bent
With fawning look and kind intent,
And soon his friend's poor beast he knew.

He pull'd his coat, and pull'd it hard,
And back he look'd towards the door :
Again he pull'd—A fond regard
Seem'd, tho' all utterance was debarr'd,
To say a thousand words and more.

He seem'd to plead,” Oh, come away,
“ My master is in sad distress :
Again he pulls—“ he cannot stay,
“ And lost will be ere come you may,”
For so his friend did sadly guess.

He calls his man, and forth they go,
But torches take the way t'explore ;
The dog goes first the track to shew,
They venture thro' the drifted snow,
And stretch across the dreary Moor.

And now the quagnire's top they tread,
But poles their trembling hands sustain.
Hark, hark ! a groan—what chilling dread !
Oh what is that ? my friend's poor head—
How shall we pull him forth again ?

O Master let me seize his hand,
And fast I'll hold whilst you hold mine ;
What shall we do ? I scarce can stand—
But see he moves to firmer land—
Then let us not our task resign.

They drew him forth, no life they found,
So icy cold the touch of death ;
But in their arms they clasp him round,
And back athwart the moor rebound,
And gain the cottage out of breath.

Between the blankets soon they laid
The corse that was so deadly cold ;
No signs of life it yet display'd,
And grief was in each face portray'd,
That did the piteous sight behold.

Methinks I feel his pulse slow beat,
O ! put your hand but to his heart ;
There seems to be a gentle heat,
Then lay more blankets on his feet,
I think it will repay our art.

Hark ! now I hear a gentle sigh,
Of sure returning life the sign,
And see he opes his vether eye,
And still the pulses beat more high ;
Go warm with haste a little wine.

O'erjoy'd at length they see their friend
Restor'd to life beneath their care ;
And o'er him as they kindly bend,
They tell how near his fatal end,
And Hector's praises do not spare.

Poor Hector's joy surpass'd all thought,
He jump'd about like any mad ;
His master's voice such marvels wrought,
When first the well known sound he caught,
Not man himself seem'd half so glad.

“ O Hector, Hector, thou shalt be
“ My friend and dear companion too !
“ For I had perish'd without thee,
“ A corse my wife had seen poor me,
“ But she'll reward thy service true.

“ She'll give thee of the daintiest meat,
“ And well thy wondrous sense will praise ;
“ With fond caresses kindly treat,
“ And when thy heart shall cease to beat,
“ A tomb will to thy virtues raise.”

THE DUKE OF ENGHIEN.Written in 1805.
—

THOUGHTFUL sat the Lord of Gallia,
Scowl'd his eye and frown'd his face,
Rancour in his bosom burning
'Gainst the princely Bourbon race.

Dark his visage as in Autumn
When black clouds the heavens deform,
And the thunder rolls at distance,
Prelude to some fearful storm.

So sits bloating full of venom
In his den the cankerous toad.
What dark purpose rends that bosom !
What keen pangs his conscience goad !

See he starts like one affrighted ;
Does he dread the murderous knife
Of some lurking ruffian near him,
Ready to attack his life ?

No, it is revolting nature
Causes that tumultuous start,
To a demon's bloody counsels
Whilst he yields his cruel heart.

Hark ! his hoarse voice sounds portentous,
“ Talleyrand,” aloud he calls,
“ Talleyrand !” his slaves repeating,
Echo thro' the Thuillerie walls.

Lowly see he bows before him,
Waiting on his pow'rful nod,—
This is one that fears the tyrant,
Tho' he little fears his God.

“ Close that door, and list in silence,
“ Talleyrand, my words attend,
“ Resolutions deep and weighty
“ Bid me for thy presence send.

“ Yet ere long the throne of Gallia
“ And th' Imperial crown I take,
“ But what boots it whilst these Bourbons
“ Live their ancient claim to make ?

“ Were they all destroy'd, no longer
“ Frenchmen would assert their cause ;
“ Mine the kingdom then for ever,
“ Mine to give the nation laws.

“ Dost thou heed me ? nigh the frontiers,

“ Lives Enghien of Condé race ;

“ Him the first that vengeance destines

“ In my fatal grasp to place.

“ Europe sleeps ; her chiefs indignant

“ May at first the bold step blame,

“ When invading neutral kingdoms

“ We no more respect the name.

“ Vain reproaches will pursue me,

“ But I laugh them all to scorn ;

“ By my Mamelukes surrounded

“ None I fear of mortals born.

“ Thine the care then troops of valour

“ For this dread emprise to send ;

“ Let them o'er the Rhine to Baden,

“ To the Prince's mansion bend.

“ And at night surround his palace

“ Where secure he takes his rest ;

“ Drag him thence, and here convey him ;

“ Thus you learn my firm behest.

“ And for this rewards attend you,

“ Honors, ample store of gold :

“ Go then, let thy prompt obedience

“ Long approv'd desert unfold.”

Think'st thou that remorse e'er enter'd
Talleyrand's apostate heart ?
Conscience sear'd upbraids no longer
When he acts the villain's part.

Every curs'd design he seconds,
Still to heap up more and more ;
And for this with no reluctance
Dagon's shrine he bows before.

Swift lies he to Fouche, that ruffian
Whom ten thousands spies obey ;
Who ten thousand fiercer ruffians
Keeps upon his master's pay.

From these troops a band selects he
That like tigers pant for gore ;
Who for black September murderers
Merit's flaming order wore.

These, with joy, receive their errand ;
And nor night nor day they rest,
Till the realms of Baden entering
Enghien palace they invest.

Like th' insidious robber stealing
On the tranquil hour of night ;
So they burst the doors, and entering
Fill the place with dread affright.

To the Prince's chamber hastening
Where in tranquil sleep he lay,
Him they seize, and ere the morning
O'er the neutral bounds convey ;

At Vincenne's dread walls arriving,
Where its ancient Castle stands,
Fam'd for many a deed remorseless
When fell tyrants rul'd the lands.

But not one of all those tyrants
E'er achiev'd a viler part,
'Gainst the voice of sacred justice
Steel'd so far his cruel heart.

To a tree, like some deserter,
Fast the noble Prince they bound,
And at midnight arm'd assassins
All th' accursed spot surround.

On him, whilst he calls for mercy
To his God, the wretches fire,
And without remorse behold him
Pierc'd by many balls expire.

Curs'd for ever be the grandeur
Built upon atrocious crimes !
May the world hand down the memory
With contempt to future times !

O, my God, awhile thy justice
May indeed in mercy sleep,
But anon it wakes vindictive
Vengeance upon guilt to keep !

He that sits so high then tottering
From his lofty throne may fall ;
When the wheel comes round full circle,
In a moment pay for all.

FINIS.

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